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CHICAGO

# The Listener

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*Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery*

'Peaches', by Matthew Smith. A tribute to Sir Matthew Smith by David Piper appears on page 565

## Whither West Africa?

By Ayo Ogunsheye

## The Purpose of 'Lifeline'

By a Consultant Psychiatrist

## Problems of a British Composer

By P. Maxwell Davies

## Soviet Russia Revisited

By Wright Miller

## Heredity and Environment

By Kenneth Mather

## Galaxy of Ghosts

By D. C. Horton

Art, Book Reviews, Bridge, Crossword, Gardening, Music, Radio Criticism, Recipes



*how  
can  
a man  
see  
the  
years  
ahead?*



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## Whither West Africa?

AYO OGUNSHEYE discusses the traditional order and modern society

THERE are a number of stereotypes about the relationship between the traditional order and modern society. One is that the African has no past, no history, no culture worth bothering about. This was more in evidence in the early days of contact between missionaries and our ancestors. It is not so much encountered today, but it is obvious in the assumption that European civilization is so superior to everything African that the best the African can do is to swallow it, hook, line, and sinker. The chief offenders, perhaps, have been the French, who are so convinced of the excellence of their own civilization that they will not even allow African languages to be used in the schools in French West Africa.

This stereotype is obviously a false one, and it has brought into being another, equally false: the over-idealization of the African past. It sees a 'golden age' that lay somewhere in the African past alone. Curiously enough it is even found among the colonialists themselves—the British policy of 'indirect rule' had a strong element of this stereotype. In its modified form it calls forth the stand, taken by Dr. Nkrumah, of 'restoring' the 'African personality'. There is another stereotype that is at its best or, if you like, at its worst, in the policy of South Africa, where Africans and Europeans are supposed to develop separately, along the lines of their own native genius. But this stereotype, too, is false because, as we all know, civilization has been a process of continuous adoption and adaptation of foreign influences.

As far as the African himself is concerned, he seems to have gone through three stages in his reactions to the West. In the

first, European colonization bowled him over completely. In the second, the African returned to consciousness. The answer then seemed to be that we must go the whole way and Europeanize. It is only with the third stage, when the African begins to look within himself, as well as more closely at the European, that he begins to gain a new sense of confidence and to discover what is worth preserving in his own past.

In addition to those stereotypes, there are a number of popular concepts which require some modification for an understanding of political developments in West Africa. Take, for example, the concept of the 'tribe'. As used by the anthropologists the term tribe usually refers to a relatively small group of families and clans, running at most into a few thousand, who are at a low level of material culture, and owe allegiance to one chief. While there is no denying that this concept describes accurately most of the peoples of West Africa, it breaks down when applied to some. I am thinking in particular of my own so-called 'tribe', the Yoruba. There are 5,000,000 in Nigeria alone and they occupy a territory almost as large as Britain. Over this area there is not one chief but many. Forty per cent. of the Yoruba live in towns, a degree of urbanization which we are told lies somewhere between that of the United States and Canada. In fact nine of the ten towns with a population of more than 40,000 in 1952 were located in Yorubaland; and they were all there before the Europeans came. Before the European era there was also production not only for subsistence but for the market as well, and so although there are elements of the tribe about them they had



gone beyond this in many ways. That was why a Russian, Professor Potekhin, in a recent article in *Presence Africaine* emphasized that in an analysis of the political evolution of Africa one has to distinguish between 'tribes' and what he called 'nationalities'. These 'nationalities' he regarded as the 'intermediate stage' between tribes and nations. According to Potekhin the African peoples who had reached this intermediate stage by the second half of the nineteenth century included the Ashanti, the Zulu, and the Yoruba.

What is the object of looking at the African past? Do we want to restore what used to obtain in the past? This is patently impossible, because what we have now in West Africa—in Nigeria, or Ghana—are countries made up of different communities of people brought together, whether by accident or by foreign rule. Not only do we find ourselves with these new territorial units, but time has not stood still. Colonial policies and economic and social changes have brought about important differences. Further, it would be a mistake, in looking at African institutions and ideas, to put questions to them which they were not meant to solve. If one looked, for example, to the traditional government of the Yoruba and asked 'Did they have democratic opposition in the Western sense?', the answer is 'No'. But if one asks 'Did they have the machinery for opposition?' the answer is 'Yes'. If one asks 'Did they have democratic government in the sense that one votes through the ballot-box?', the answer is 'No'. The truth is that the traditional form of government was and is democratic in the sense that there were and are limits on the powers of the chief—by the people—in making decisions, and in the sense that there were and are well-known remedies for dealing with autocracy.

I believe that if we ask the right questions when we look at indigenous Negro institutions we find things of much value in guiding us towards modern nationhood; of more value—to us, at any rate—than some of our importations. Negro tribes, or nationalities, were not organized on the basis of narrow 'interests'. At the bottom, one had the families; then one had age groups, which cut across families; craft guilds which cut across families; religious and secret societies which cut across families. Among all these groups the emphasis was on co-operation, or the avoidance of sectional interests getting the upper hand.

Perhaps the best-known feature of Negro government and social life is the chief, but unfortunately no other institution has been open to more misconception. The fact is, as many Yoruba and Ashanti can tell you, that the head chief is, to use a modern phrase, a constitutional head. This is so because although he embodies in himself justice, the control and the disposition of lands, and military and religious functions, he in fact exercises these functions through and on the advice of his minor chiefs. There is a real sense therefore in which traditional government was by as well as for the people.

I said earlier that there is a conception of 'opposition' in African Negro government, and so there is. But the difference between that and the Western conception is this: in many Negro communities there is not one ruling house; there may be three or four, and succession rotates among them. The first stage at which opposition traditionally manifested itself was when the head chief was to be selected. Rival parties challenged each other; there was argument, competition, and bargaining. But once the head chief was selected, the Negro conception of government did not include the idea of a group which constitutes itself as a

permanent opposition. One of the first things the new head chief did was to call everybody together and say: 'Look, let us forget our recent quarrels because we are one people and we have common problems'.

However, I stress that we cannot go back to the past. We have been under a number of influences and there have been important modifications. What happened in the northern part of my country, where Lord Lugard instituted a form of 'indirect rule', was that the emirs and the chief became much more powerful than they had ever been before. The power to dispose of land, to appoint other chiefs, and so on, was made more absolute than before. The opposite took place in French West Africa: for their own reasons, the French had no place for the chief at all.

There were other changes affecting the relations between the groups which found themselves in the new territorial units. There were the unifying influences, such as modern communications, schools, and so on, but colonial policy was sometimes conflicting. In Nigeria, for instance, official British policy was to reduce contact between the Muslim peoples of the north and the peoples of the south. Missionary activities, and with them Westernized education, were not allowed in the Muslim areas of the Northern Region, and, between 1922 and 1946 there was no unified representative legislative assembly in Nigeria. The peoples of the north were kept completely out, and there was much the same situation in Ghana. Colonial policy gave only limited opportunity for these different groups to share a common life, to undergo the same changes, and to participate in common institutions. The effect of all that is very much with us today.

Over the past fifteen years, when the pace of constitutional advance has quickened, we find a number of further changes. Some of the most effective thinkers, the people who have brought about changes in the new constitutional framework, were Africans themselves.

One thing is agreed among African political leaders: that the chief must be restored to his original position; namely the symbol of the group, who exercises his functions

through, and on the advice of, his sub-chiefs and his people. There have been tactical differences. In Ghana Dr. Nkrumah, perhaps unwisely to my mind, chose to drive the chiefs underground, by removing them from the legislative council on which they had served for many years. The result was that the traditional order rallied in opposition. By contrast, in Western Nigeria, the chiefs have been brought back into modern government in a most interesting way. In the first place, at the level of local councils, the head chiefs have been made the presidents of the councils, but in most cases the chairmen of the councils are elected; a third of the seats on these councils are reserved for traditional members; two-thirds of the members of the council are elected. In this way an attempt has been made to marry the old and the new. At the level of regional government we have in the west a House of Chiefs which is more or less similar to the House of Assembly but is in fact subordinate to it. The effect has been to make the chiefs feel that they have a place in the new order. It gives them the opportunity of expressing their views on issues of the day, while at the same time ensuring that they will not be a stumbling block on the way of progress. At the local level the power to alienate land has been taken from the chiefs and brought back into the hands of the democratic councils. Also, revenues from the local lands have been passed on to the local councils, except for a token amount taken out for the chief, in deference to his position.



Nigerian chiefs photographed after a meeting of the House of Chiefs



At the same time, since we have been having modern elections, power has been given back to the people of the rural areas to an extent impossible in colonial days. When elections started, large numbers of lawyers, teachers, and so on, went back to their villages to stand for election. Not only were many of them not elected, but they even lost their deposits. The reason was that the man in the village would not vote for them. 'It is all right for you to come back to us now, at election time', they were told, 'but what have you done for us? What have you done to get us more schools? What have you done to get us more hospitals?' The result is that most educated Nigerians (and Ghanaians) are now forced to take more interest in public affairs, to sit on local councils, to participate in community development, and so on.

There are, however, a number of problems that complicate the picture. One of them concerns the civil service: the salaries and conditions of the civil service tend to be related not to local conditions but to conditions in the metropolitan country. When one has African lawyers, educated people, and so on, who are as well qualified as their white colleagues, then everybody says: 'Equal pay for equal work'. And if they do not have equal pay they complain there is a conspiracy to pay them less because they are not white. And so one has to give Africans the same basic salaries as people from abroad. The result is that there is a growing group of Africans who enjoy salaries and conditions of service totally unrelated to conditions in their own countries. In that way new classes are coming into being—quite apart from the effect on the money economy.

Then there is the question of corruption. About three years ago in one of the regions of my country a commission was formed to go into this question. It was called, significantly, not a 'committee on corruption', but a 'committee on traditional presents'. In the traditional framework, if, say, one's daughter is going to get married, or there is a funeral, or a festival, it is the custom to send food to neighbours and friends. The boy or girl who brings the food will always be given something in return, not just verbal thanks. One of the reasons it is difficult to get the kind of impersonal service which one gets without question in Britain is that we do not have this impersonal relationship. Instead, in our tradition, we exchange presents. But when one enters the modern framework, then the exchange of presents can take on a different meaning, although not in the appointments to the civil service, because we had the good luck to inherit the British institution of the Public Service Commission. Corruption also seems to arise where the government attempts to do the impossible: when government, for example, attempts to control weight loads of lorries with too small a number of policemen.

It is also clear that some forms of Western democracy are rather unreal in our situation. Take the choice of ministers. Since we follow the British system, our ministers must themselves be elected Members of the House of Assembly. In Britain if a particular man is not elected there are many others from whom ministers can be chosen; but in our situation, where the number of educated people is still limited, there are all too few men of talent, experience, and integrity. It is a definite loss to us, there-



A meeting of elders in a Nigerian village

J. Allan Cash

fore, that if one of our few men of ability has lost an election we cannot make full use of his services. Some African countries, particularly those of the French community, feel that today it is even a loss to have an official opposition. They favour a one-party system, simply because it ensures that all the able men will be concentrated in the actual work of government.

Another problem is that loyalty is simple when people are organized as small tribes, or nationalities, as in the case of the Yorubas or the Ashantis, but when these are grouped into large territorial units it is difficult to develop wider loyalties. Co-operation, integra-

tion of society, and so on, work easily at the level where people recognize some kinship to each other. But how do you develop these things in relation to a new, and somewhat abstract, focus of loyalty called 'Nigeria' or 'Ghana'?

Much has been said about the need for, or the inevitability of, totalitarian government in our new countries. The tendency is to make an exception of India and to lump everybody else together. This conception must be rejected, not because of the desirability of Western democracy in itself, but because totalitarianism is false to our way of doing things. We have adopted or adapted many Western forms, to our benefit; but if we merely imitate them, or confine ourselves to the British way of doing things, some of the difficulties I have outlined will grow into real dangers. It is not any kind of wilful pride or mysticism that is leading us to learn afresh from our own traditions.—*Third Programme*

*This is the first of a series of talks on 'West Africa Today'*

## AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER

THE LISTENER next week will include reviews of the following books:

Queen Mary. By James Pope-Hennessy

*Reviewed by William Plomer*

The Establishment. Edited by Hugh Thomas

*Reviewed by Goronwy Rees*

Political Prisoner. By Paul Ignotus

*Reviewed by Stephen Spender*

The Life of Ronald Knox. By Evelyn Waugh

*Reviewed by Robert Speaight*

From Baroque to Rococo. By Nicholas Powell

*Reviewed by Alec Clifton-Taylor*

The Chief. By Robert Jackson

*Reviewed by W. J. H. Sprott*

The Elizabethans and America. By A. L. Rowse

*Reviewed by Joel Hurstfield*



# Soviet Russia Revisited

By WRIGHT MILLER

**W**HEN I left Moscow at the end of the war I had many Russian friends—in spite of all the police restrictions and the morbid fear of spies. And although, when we said goodbye, all my friends said they would feel safer if I did not write to them from England, I did not feel that this was a sudden ending, because one of the great Russian virtues is that one can take up friendships again, even after many years, exactly where one left off.

It was, in fact, fourteen years before I saw Moscow or Leningrad again, but when this summer I climbed the stairs once more to the Antonoff family, in the familiar room above the railway, and then revisited the Petroffs and the Skripkins in the backyard by the river, all three families made me feel instantly at home. We went straight on, as it were, in a natural way which is typically Russian—as Russian as the dingy staircases and the overcrowded flats and the backyards with their feeble little gardens and their sand-pits for the children.

As we talked, something came out which also seemed sadly, typically Russian. For although they were now living at the same addresses as fourteen years ago, and obviously living better, it appeared that three of my friends—three heads of households—had spent seven or eight of the intervening years in Siberian prison camps. When I inquired after another man, people first pretended ignorance and then, reluctantly, they admitted that he had been executed. These four men had all been sentenced for the vaguest kind of offences: 'I can hardly remember what the charge was', said one. The three spoke wryly and unwillingly of their life in Siberia, but they all came to the same conclusion: 'We don't know for sure, but we think the camps are nearly empty now'. Other people seemed to think the same, for the good reason, no doubt, that they all knew so many ex-prisoners who had returned.

## 'Posthumous Rehabilitation'

The striking thing about these friends of mine is that they have all, to use the official word, been 'rehabilitated'. It is a word much in use in Russia now, and I was told that it applies to almost everyone released from the camps. Even the man who was shot has been 'posthumously rehabilitated', and this means at least a well-paid job for his widow and no barriers to his daughter's prospects at the university. The other three are working at good jobs in their own line. One of them has a new and roomier flat, and they all expected me—indeed they begged me, in striking contrast with earlier days—to send them English books and periodicals when I returned home.

It was naturally some days before I realized how much things really had relaxed since my last visit, and I was cautious at first in trying to pick up the threads of old acquaintance. 'Please ring up my sisters', said a Russian woman I know in London, 'but not from the hotel. It is always possible that the telephone is being tapped'. So I called on these rather grand old ladies—still living in the same old dismal flat—and they laughed at the store of fifteen kopeck pieces which I had collected so as to be able to use the public telephone boxes. 'Why not telephone for nothing from the hotel?' they said, and then they kept me talking for three hours over Russian tea, and jam eaten with a spoon. When I called on them during the war I was bowed out after forty very formal minutes.

There is still no telephone directory of private subscribers later than 1954, but finding people's numbers is no longer the detective work it used to be; you simply ring. 'Enquiries'. You can call at offices, clubs, studios, and institutions—anywhere that does not verge on security—and usually they will tell you, foreigner though you are, the telephone numbers of their staff or their members. This is a completely new attitude, and it is new also to find that you can leave a message and people will actually pass it on,

instead of suppressing it because it comes from that dangerous person—a foreigner.

Among the visitors in Moscow and Leningrad there are many people who emigrated from Russia forty years or more ago and who are now returning, with foreign passports, to see the land where they were born. Formerly such people were shunned as dangerous contacts, but now their Soviet relatives receive them with open arms in their homes. Some will even come to the grand, intimidating hotels to meet their long-lost brothers, sisters, and cousins, while the waitress, in Russian fashion, will probably stop serving dinner in order to join in the enthusiasm of these family reunions.

## Easier Atmosphere

After some days I became so reassured by the easier atmosphere in the streets that I began to lose some of my fear of the Soviet police. The plain-clothes men, at least, were either much more cunningly hidden or else just withdrawn nowadays, and when I wanted to note down a conversation or the price of something, I did so boldly, scribbling against the wall of a shop in Gorky Street while the crowds passed by. I should not have dared to do that fifteen years ago. As for photographs, I found I could take pictures of anything and anybody, with no interference except a certain curiosity about my old-fashioned camera.

It is not simply in relations with foreigners that Russians find life more relaxed today. When a simple girl student told me: 'We have almost no political offenders in our country nowadays', she was quoting what she had been told: but in her mind the background to that phrase included the liberty she now has to choose her own friends without being asked to spy on them; and the prospect of the little country shack which her father is saving up for without the fear of forced loans descending upon him; and even the possibility, as a dream far in the distance, that she might some day be one of the privileged few who are allowed to travel outside Russia.

I went to the Soviet Army Theatre to see a new comedy, and looking at the audience before the play began I had once more to remind myself how misleadingly dead and dull Russians can look when they are not talking or excited about something. When they relax they certainly know how to relax. I went out on to the cold stone staircase which is the only place where one is allowed to smoke at Moscow theatres, and I spoke to a morose-looking little baldheaded man; I was determined to get a reaction out of somebody. 'Do you know this play?' I said. 'What's it like?' He took a thin Russian cigar out of his mouth and at once broke into a warm Russian grin: 'It's an easy one', he said, 'you can relax!'

How right he was. The play was about a country-bred student, hopelessly backward, who plays on the good nature of his professors until, to their great embarrassment, they find he has got himself on to the professorial board. In the last act he is unmasked—his school certificate turns out to be a forgery—but meanwhile the characters were slipping in front of the curtain to chat amiably with the audience, or popping up in boxes to make a change of scene, and the whole thing was so hilarious and unbuttoned that the dull-looking audience was transformed out of all recognition.

## Continuing Controls

It would be a great mistake to assume that these pleasant surface improvements mean any fundamental change in the whole system; the controls, for example, are still there not far below the surface. People are still fined for being late at work, although the authorities no longer waste skilled labour by whipping men off to timber camps for this offence. Many Russians are still nervous about where, and how often, they talk with foreigners. In Moscow University there are, by special arrangement, a few



American students; I met some of them, and they complained that they were almost isolated; Russian students may want to be friendly but they think it 'inadvisable', 'unsuitable', to visit the Americans in their rooms more than occasionally.

### The Secret Police

I repeatedly asked Russians I met what the secret police are supposed to be doing now that they are no longer much in evidence and the camps are supposed to be nearly empty. This question never failed to raise a sardonic laugh and the comment 'They have to catch the real criminals now! They can't get away with simply unearthing sensational plots!' While I was in Moscow a meeting of security police declared, according to the Soviet press, that 'we understand that the present restriction of repression in our country does not mean that there will be less work for us'. No one seems to know what has happened to the dossiers of information which used to be compiled about every citizen, on the principle that anyone was liable to be arrested some day and it was as well to have the so-called evidence ready. I do not think anyone would risk saying that this system could not be used again; but at least, if the dossiers are still being added to, it seems likely that observations are being made more intelligently than in the past.

Russians have always had opportunities of criticizing people or institutions who were not doing their duty—through letters to the press or public meetings—and these safety-valves are much more numerous, and larger, than they used to be. One can even criticize people as high up as Ministers, but it is admitted that to criticize policy is still impossible. The Russian students who protested about Soviet intervention in Hungary were quickly silenced, although, in keeping with the new atmosphere, they do not appear to have been executed. But will the Russians want to criticize policy on the home front when it has been delivering, over the last two and a half or three years, such striking quantities, and such variety, of food and drink and clothes and household goods to the shops? Even now most people's needs are unsatisfied, apart from food and drink; but the sight of some new flats, some better clothes, a few motor-bicycles and scooters, and so forth, has raised great hopes.

'If not this year then in a year or two, or when the seven-year plan is finished, we'll hope to get one of the new flats', said the father of a family I visited in Moscow. There were still five persons, of three generations, crammed into the two rooms which I had seen so often during the war; and across the corridor was the same family who had always had to share their kitchen and lavatory—there was no bath—and who nowadays constantly had to be appeased because my friend's old father was almost stone deaf; one could only talk to him by shouting, and without meaning it the old man always shouted back. Yet already, inside the flat, there were improvements—a bureau of good design, made in East Germany, a china cabinet made in Rumania, reproductions of Renoir and Degas which were good and inexpensive; and the night before I arrived they had been moving the furniture round like any English family in order to make room for a beautiful new Finnish folding bed with a reading lamp at its head.

One of my writer friends put the new feeling in a nutshell when he said: 'For forty years we have been asked to work for posterity, and at last we are being asked to work for something which we can have in our hands now'.

### Less Biased Information about Foreign Countries

One pleasing feature is that information about foreign countries is not as biased as it used to be. Where political information is concerned, students are still being fed on the old exaggerations and distortions—'The Anglo-American bloc never really wanted the liberation of Italy from fascism', for instance. But in the book-shops I saw people eagerly buying the latest in a little series of handbooks about foreign countries; it was about Britain; it praised the British workers for having got themselves a National Health Service, and it quoted two Soviet visitors who were delighted by the good manners and forbearance of the English people: 'Not through any commands from above but through their own inward impulses they are respectful of other people's individuality. . . . In other European countries one can see people rude to each other when they accidentally collide; in England they say "sorry"'. . .

It is a great change for Russians to be able to read such praise of another nation: and it would take another talk merely to mention all the strangers who singled me out by my foreign clothes and who avidly wanted to know all about England and English literature, English manners, English clothes, and English goods.

I shall watch with close interest to see what the Russians make of their new liberties within a system which is fundamentally unchanged. They already look rather more individual than they used to—above all, more comfortable, more relaxed. By English standards life is still remarkably hard for them; they work almost a six-day week and forgo their lunch-break on Saturdays in order to get away at three. They mostly live on the scale of one family to a room. They have to wait endlessly to have house repairs done, they are always queueing for the new goods of which there never seem to be enough, and so on. But compared with what they have had to endure for forty years, compared with Russia during my earlier visits, the man at the Soviet Army Theatre had the right formula; under the present conditions they can at least relax.

—Home Service

## Algeria and de Gaulle

By PATRICK SMITH

B.B.C. special correspondent in Algeria

NOW THAT THE National Liberation Front (the F.L.N.), the rebel government in Algeria, has replied to President de Gaulle's proposals for a solution of the Algerian problem, both French and Muslims alike are looking to Paris to see what the next move there will be. The offer to mediate, made by President Bourguiba of Tunisia, has caused some alarm among the French settlers in Algeria. For them there can be only one solution—namely, for Algeria to remain French. Even so, some of them, maybe only subconsciously as yet, are beginning to feel that some measure of independence for Algeria must come in the end. The newspapers in Algeria are, of course, exclusively French. They reflect, almost entirely, the views of the diehard 'Algeria is French' school. There are no Arabic newspapers to mirror publicly what the Muslim majority in Algeria thinks. In talks I have had with both French and Muslims, I soon became convinced that there is a long and very hard way to go before any lasting co-operation is possible between them.

The relief which the French *colons* felt, at what they consider to be the F.L.N.'s rejection of President de Gaulle's proposals, has been followed by a slightly gnawing fear that there may be negotiations after all. The Muslims, as far as I can discover, are divided. Some of them—older ones—are disappointed that the provisional Algerian government did not take a more constructive line, so as to hurry up a cease-fire. The younger ones, in the main, remain loyal to the F.L.N.'s ideal of complete independence, and think the struggle, however long it may continue, will be worth it.

But not all Frenchmen in Algeria can be dismissed as extremists of May 13. One acquaintance of mine, who has lived in Algiers most of his life, said to me: 'The Army is toeing the de Gaulle line and doing all they can towards a settlement. It's our local politicians, with their constant tub-thumping of "Algérie-Française", who make any agreement well-nigh impossible. If we could only transfer some of them to the Sahara, as the Army has done some of its more politically minded officers, we could make some progress'.

Such a Frenchman, however, is one of a small minority at present. The majority describe the F.L.N.'s reply as intransigent, insolent, and unrealistic. But the minority are finding that their more moderate views have some backing in France: for it is there, and there alone, they think, that decisions on the future destiny of this vast territory, which for decades has exerted such a mystique over the French, will finally be shaped. Negotiations or discussions—call them what you will—they say, must follow at some stage. 'Meanwhile', as my French friend added, pointing to the military patrols and the howling sirens of the bomb disposal jeeps, 'ça continue'.

—From Our Own Correspondent (Home Service)



# The Listener

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## Historical Mystery

THE art of military history has had a long tradition behind it from the time of Xenophon onward. Out of a large body of work produced it is the historians of the battlefield who have most often captured the imagination of a wide public: Sir Edward Creasy during the last century, General Fuller and the late Colonel Alfred Burne in the present generation. In two of his books Colonel Burne chose to describe battles fought on English soil. He wrote studies of thirty-seven of them but, leaving aside those of the Wars of the Roses and the Civil War of 1642, it was with encounters during Britain's remote period of Saxon and Norman history that he found himself chiefly concerned. Undoubtedly the most elusive of these was the battle of Brunanburh, about which we now print a talk by Mr. Albert Makinson. This battle, mentioned in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* under the year 937, has always presented special difficulties for the historian because we are uncertain of almost every detail of the story; and yet Brunanburh was a defeat inflicted by the English under King Alfred's grandson on a combination of Celtic and Norse armies, and there can be little doubt of its historical importance for the development of the English nation.

Documentary evidence has survived the centuries to indicate roughly where most battles took place, even if (as at Hastings or Bannockburn) the exact terrain over which the troops moved is in dispute. But one cannot be sure if Brunanburh was fought in England or Scotland, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, or Dumfries; while, as J. McN. Dodgson showed two years ago in the *Saga Book of the Viking Club*, a place called Bromborough in the Wirral district of Cheshire has a likely claim. Most of the historian's ancillary sciences have already been called in to help elucidate the mystery—numismatics, archaeology, and the study of place-names in particular. Indeed, Brunanburh would seem to have become an example of how for an early period nothing fresh is likely to be added to our knowledge except through some form of scientific analysis. It may well be that air photographs, specially taken, are the only source that could now provide enough indication of the true site to clinch arguments about it.

In his recent book, *Local History in England*, Dr. W. G. Hoskins urges historians to use their eyes more in looking round at the area with which their studies are concerned. Only thus can they get the true feel of some town or piece of countryside about which they are unravelling a story from documents. Dr. Hoskins also explains some of the ways in which air photographs can help them. Recently, the technique of using these has been a striking example of how archaeologists and medieval students have employed science to fill gaps in their knowledge of events where it might otherwise be entirely based on the chance survival of manuscripts. Even after a thousand years the remains of a ditch or a large wood on a battlefield can provide indestructible evidence against which the accuracy of some contemporary chronicler's description of what happened may be checked. By looking round him the historian will be able to breathe life into his subject-matter; by using scientific techniques, from the interpretation of air photographs to carbon dating, he may—incidentally—do something to bridge the gap that is supposed to separate him in society from his scientific colleague.

## What They Are Saying

After Mr. Khrushchev's tour

MOSCOW RADIO has had a vigorous tilt at the South-east Asia Treaty Organization (Seato) whose Council met recently in Washington. In tune with the deductions of Mr. Khrushchev, who during his American tour described 'warmongers' as well as 'peace-lovers', a Moscow broadcaster in English for south-east Asia declared that 'reactionary circles in the West' attach great importance to Seato meetings. He went on to say that the United Nations Sub-Committee which had gone to Laos had evidently been unable to concoct any grounds for intervention there, and so 'Seato intends to get special formations ready to be sent to Laos'. The Moscow commentator went on to allege a number of other Seato attempts to swing south-east Asian countries away from neutralism—for example, 'Seato agents' among Cambodian dissidents had attempted a *putsch* in Cambodia and had recently tried to assassinate the King. In Burma 'Seato agents' were trying to set up contacts with 'certain military circles', and in Indonesia Seato was 'continuing to support the reactionary insurgents still remaining at large'.

The Russian commentary finally referred to 'preparations for another Seato scheme'. This was:

The organization of a so-called Federation of the Mekong to consist of Thailand, South Viet-Nam and Laos. This federation would be spearheaded against Cambodia and the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam.

Linking this indictment of Seato with the Khrushchev-Eisenhower meeting, Moscow radio concluded: 'A real way to the lessening of international tension has become apparent. Subversion by Seato is one of the principal obstacles along this path'.

Another example of Soviet 'realism' in assessing the prospects opened up by Mr. Khrushchev's visit to America was broadcast on Moscow home service in the shape of an article from *Pravda* which included the following:

Farmers, workers, and many capitalists declared during Khrushchev's visit that they would gladly switch their works and factories from the manufacture of arms to that of peaceful goods. It would, however, be naïve to think that the switch from the policy of the arms race to that of peaceful competition would be a simple matter.

The Russian commentator went on to recall a conversation he had had a year ago with an American capitalist who had agreed that the arms race was senseless and wasteful. But the capitalist, the commentator indicated, had had his reservations:

What should be done if the Western Powers disarmed and the communists talked the peoples of Africa or Latin America into changing the existing order? . . . The Soviet plan does foresee the retention of police forces armed with light arms. But some Americans fear that this would not be enough, that atomic or hydrogen bombs should be kept at the ready to be used against their own people to 'safeguard private enterprise'.

The Russian article discussed the British Foreign Secretary's proposal for an international police force which, said the Soviet writer, would have 'the task of suppressing peoples who have decided to alter the social system in their countries'.

A Polish transmission in English gave a long despatch from the Washington correspondent of *Trybuna Ludu* who said that the American Secretary of State Mr. Herter has 'begun to liquidate the political influence of John Foster Dulles'. Mr. Charles Bohlen's return to Washington was considered 'a personal victory for Herter', wrote the Polish correspondent; and he went on to point out that Dulles's sister had been 'relieved of her post as the State Department's Special Adviser on German Affairs'.

Miss Dulles contributed a great deal to the aggravation of the Berlin crisis; now, she has been transferred to a minor post in the Office for Assistance to Economically Under-Developed Countries. The impression made by this change in the State Department was enormous.

The Polish correspondent also cited the coming replacement of McElroy, the Secretary of Defence, by Thomas Gates, as another significant change, since McElroy 'was one of the members of Eisenhower's government who opposed Khrushchev's visit'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON



# Did You Hear That?

## THE MAGIC OF CAMBODIA

'IF YOU FLY to Phnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia', said MICHAEL FIELD in 'The Eye-witness', 'you notice at once, as the aircraft lands, the small half-submerged rice fields surrounded by tall, graceful sugar palms. It is like a scene in an oriental lacquer painting. There are plenty of sugar palms elsewhere of course, but somehow the sugar palm is particularly at home in Cambodia, and the long, straight roads, built by the French in the days of their empire in Indo-China, are often lined with these elegant and useful trees which provide the population with most of the sugar they require. The Buddhist priests in their bright yellow robes are more than a good subject for colour photography. I have driven all over the central plain of the country and frequently given a lift in my car to these gentle, religious men.

'Phnom Penh, though small, is laid out spaciouly in the French manner. Wide boulevards and shady trees have given it an elegance out of proportion to its size. The town owes its name to a hill—or phnom—in the centre of which a lady called Penh built a Wat, or Buddhist temple, in gratitude for divine intervention when the flooding river Mekong threatened to submerge the town.

'Cambodia's economic life is largely determined by its rivers. Phnom Penh is built at the "four arms" or meeting place of the four branches of the huge Mekong river. One of these branches, known as the Great Lake river, performs the unique feat of flowing backwards for half the year, acting as a natural safety valve when the huge Mekong, which flows for 2,000 miles from Tibet to the China Sea, is in flood. This "reversible river" empties surplus water into the Great Lake of Cambodia.

'Modern Cambodia is the vestige of a once powerful empire which held sway across the south-east Asian peninsula from roughly present-day Burma to the South China Sea. Most people who go there today do so as tourists to see the monumental ruins of Angkor which lie almost enveloped in jungle near the border with Thailand. The royal family can claim descent from the kings who built the vast temples and palaces of Angkor'.

## AN OTTER TO THE WATER

'The carnivorous animals are probably the most rewarding to tame and watch, though they are the least suited to closely confined captivity', said R. P. BAGNALL-OAKLEY in 'Through East



An otter cub

A. R. Thompson

Anglian Eyes'. 'Unlike all other British mammals they retain the playfulness usually associated with young creatures throughout their lives; indeed they often use their adult ingenuity to evolve games for their own amusement. This is especially so with otters.

'I was given my first otter as a cub—at the beginning of



Fishing nets stretched out on poles at a village on the Mekong river in Cambodia

my first long vacation. From the beginning my baby fed well, but it was very nervous. I decided that constant, careful handling and fussing would be the quickest way to gain its confidence. Like all tamed carnivores it soon became a one-man pet. It was able to recognize me equally well by sight or scent, and only in twilight or darkness did it have to approach closely—always after circling down-wind of me—to make certain of my identity.

'I fed it almost entirely on fish—freshly caught from Ormesby Broad. Eels were easily its favourite food. Wild otters destroy large numbers of these enemies of trout and salmon without getting any credit for it.

'I had often heard of the struggles of otter parents to get their cubs to take to the water, but I never expected to have such a battle to make my cub have her first voluntary swim. She must have been about two months old when I carried her to the water's edge and gently lowered her to the surface. As soon as she touched the water she let out agonized squeals and tried to bite me. Then I let go and she completely lost her head and beat about wildly and sank. She came up, struggled ashore with a kind of crude dog-paddle, and pelted off away from the water as if it was on fire.

'Whenever I took her back to it, she seemed terrified, and bit and struggled, though her swimming as she panicked ashore did improve a little every time. At last, in desperation, I threw her in after wading well out from the side. That did it: she went right under, came up and saw me barring her path ashore. She dived, dodged me, turned and dived again, and found suddenly that water was her element after all'.

## YAWNING POLICEMEN

'Not long ago', said F. D. WALKER, B.B.C. Bonn correspondent, in 'Today', 'many of Hamburg's policemen were seen to be yawning frequently, unashamedly, and hugely as they passed by on their beats; again as they were at their desks or directing traffic. For more and more of the police it seemed as if the only proper place was bed. "It has been established", said a



spokesman of the city's police authority, weightily, "that many officers are coming on duty without having had so much as an hour of sleep. This is an impossible situation".

'It gradually appeared that more than a hundred policemen on their days off, over the past two years, had found this method of adding to their modest pay: they had been getting regular employment from Hamburg's car dealers, to go off to all parts

ness, the attractive layouts, and the gay variety of design that confronted me in most of the libraries I visited.

'In a country nearly twice the size of Britain and with a population of less than 8,000,000, space is not such a consideration as it is here, but nevertheless most Swedish public libraries are planned on such a scale as to make British librarians green with envy. The spaciousness of the Swedish libraries allows the floor areas to be kept free for tables, chairs, and display fittings, where choosy readers can browse to their heart's content. And what delightful furniture it is!

'Yet in spite of all these advantages the Swedes do not use their libraries as much as we do in Britain. It is an outstanding library in Sweden that issues more than six books per head of population per annum, whereas the average in this country is ten, and in some British libraries the figure is as high as fifteen issues per head each year. Perhaps one reason for this is that their libraries do not offer such generous opening hours as in Britain. Few Swedish libraries open before 11 a.m. and they often close by six or seven in the evening. In summer time some of them do not open until noon. The Swedish librarians told me this was because people read much less in summer than in winter. Of course there is a difference here in Britain too, but it is not so pronounced.

'Inside the library there are always trained librarians on duty to assist the Swedish reader, and if he is interested

in a particular subject, such as art or technology, he will probably find his needs met by a special department with specialist staff on duty. Music-lovers are particularly well catered for, because Swedish libraries often include rooms which contain scores, textbooks, periodicals, reference books, and gramophone records. Students can listen to the records either through headphones or in listening cabinets. But the Swedes do not yet lend out gramophone records as many British libraries do.

'Children receive special consideration. Everywhere the children's libraries are gaily decorated, often with striking murals, and nearly every library has a special room for use at story-hour time. At Malmö the children queue up at story-hour time, and there is keen competition to be first in the queue. The first boy or girl has the honour of giving a magic knock and—presto!—a

section of the shelving slides back and reveals a hole in the wall. Through this the children pour, and they find themselves in a magical room where stories are told to them by the children's librarian. As the lights are dimmed, special effects show the heavenly constellations in the ceiling. I did not see a performance with the children there, but it was not hard to imagine them craning their necks to look up.

'Since the war English has been the second language in Sweden, and many people there speak our language very well. For this reason English books are popular, and they are provided in large numbers. Periodicals are provided in large numbers too, and again they do not restrict themselves to the home product. They offer German, American, and English journals. But when all is said and done the overriding impression I have of Swedish libraries is their airy spaciousness and beautiful layout'.



Swedish public libraries: at Örskelljunga, a small town sixty miles north of Malmö—

*Lennart Af Petersens*

of Germany and drive back cars and trucks to Hamburg. A policeman on his day off would be given a first-class railway ticket to his destination and a sum of money to buy the car when he got to the other end. And off he would travel, say, to Munich—more than 400 miles away—buy the car, and hurry back in it up the autobahn to Hamburg. He would then deliver the car to the dealer and receive as payment the equivalent of a first-class railway fare from Munich to Hamburg. "Why not?", asked the city's car dealers. They could trust a policeman not to disappear with the money, but to return to Hamburg with the car. And, besides, the police were, most of them, good, experienced drivers.

'But a Hamburg policeman seldom gets more than twenty-four hours off at a time, and of that, after a train journey to Munich and a car-drive back, there could, before duty again, have been little time left for sleep. And so this mutually profitable arrangement between Hamburg's car dealers and Hamburg's policemen has been absolutely forbidden for the future by Hamburg's police authority. The policemen are indignant. They scoff at the notion that theirs was the only case of policemen making a little money "on the side". Why, many of their colleagues in the force, they say, are, on their days off, insurance agents, or deal in pet fish, or run hot-dog stands'.

## SWEDISH LIBRARIES

'In Sweden I travelled from Malmö and Lund, through Norrköping to Stockholm, out to Västerås, and as far north as Östersund', said K. C. HARRISON in 'The World of Books' (Network Three), 'I had heard all about the excellence of Swedish architecture and design, but I certainly was not prepared for the extreme spacious-



—and the children's room at Nynäshamn, forty miles south of Stockholm

*Bengt Hjelmqvist*



# Problems of a British Composer Today

By P. MAXWELL DAVIES

**V**IRGIL THOMPSON, the American composer, has given it as his opinion that there is too much experiment in music today, and that the time for consolidation has come. The truth is that there is no experiment in a finished work of art—though there may be experiment beforehand, in the sketches. But it is only when the composer is sure that the result will transcend all experiment that he goes on to create the final work. 'Experimental art', as such, is a contradiction in itself. There is only art; if the experiment is not resolved in the work, the work is a failure.

In any case, a creator does not set out to experiment; rather, he responds to a stimulus produced by the historical situation in which he finds himself, and he does the next thing the situation demands. Towards this end, experiment may be necessary, but the final product definitely represents the next step, which in turn creates a slightly different historical situation, and gives rise to new thought, which produces the next step, and so on. Experiments are done quietly and are not even described as such; the honorary title 'experimental' is tagged on to music which would otherwise be unjustifiable.

The newcomer to the contemporary scene may find it difficult to distinguish between music and mere experiment, but if one has acquired some knowledge of developments over the last fifty years an experiment cannot ever sound like music. However, in this country, even people who pretend to a musical education often know nothing about these developments beyond a few abstract generalizations which are not backed up by any real experience in sound. Concert organizations have done little to help. At a recent public performance in London of Schönberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces*, written in 1909, a considerable section of the audience simply found the music funny.

## Living in a Fool's Paradise

If an audience laughs at early Schönberg, how can it face the music of today? As yet very few English audiences, specialist circles apart, have been invited to listen to new music. I suspect the English have been living in a fool's paradise, in complete ignorance of recent and even distant musical developments. But the smoke screen of polite music, of bygone styles, cannot hide the truth for ever. By this smoke screen I mean most English music by the acknowledged composers of our century.

I must apologize to those who have been brought up on a diet of twentieth-century English music. I think they like it only because they are able to associate it with the past, particularly the English past. They may say I do not understand it, which I admit is likely. I can merely state a personal view, and attempt to substantiate it by saying that those works, so widely and so highly praised, usually show a serious lack of ideas, content, and technique; when one compares them with a more serious work by Schönberg—or even by Bartók—they become impossible to listen to.

The reluctance of English musicians to face the problem posed by the legacy of the last century is understandable. It hurts to experience the death of old basic premisses, and to accept the responsibility of evolving a new grammar—a grammar which must be based on the roots of the old language, but which has to be suitable, at the same time, to the expressive requirements of a new situation. It is often denied that the old laws of tonality are dead. For 'light' or commercial music they are obviously valid. Such music is not meant to awaken the listener, to make him feel deeply and think and increase his awareness—it is meant to soothe him and make money. It is a drug. At the very basis of tonality were the seeds of its own destruction—equal temperament tuning, and the related possibility of modulating to any key. These unlimited modulations became so frequent in late Romantic music that Schönberg cut the Gordian knot and, in

effect, modulated from note to note; in other words, he never stated any definite key. I would like to assume that this is common knowledge, but I fear it is not, although it happened over forty years ago. Rather than face the ensuing difficulties our musical histories tend to stop at this point, and the worthlessness of any music which acknowledges the dissolution of tonality becomes a foregone conclusion.

## Repeated Gestures

In this country I have several times been accused of writing works outside the main stream of our art, presumably because my music shows clearly that it could not have been written in England twenty or even ten years ago. It certainly is not within the stream of British music of the last fifty years, but this stream is not the main one. Our music has confined itself, with regional variants, to repeating the gestures of nineteenth-century composers on the Continent, with a few superficial knobs from Stravinsky, Bartók, or jazz added for good measure.

I do not advocate, instead, an imitation of the gestures of the new 'Holy Trinity' of European music: Stockhausen, Boulez, and Nono. But if we must not imitate, neither must we ignore the music of the young composers in Rome, Paris, or Cologne. Turning one's back on a crisis does not solve it.

The lessons of Schönberg and Berg—in many instances of Bartók and Stravinsky—have not yet been learned in our country; but without taking the work of these masters into account, one cannot write music of any value today. In order to transcend its time, a work must have a time to transcend, a point of reference in time. Most works produced in England in this century have been valid for England because the originals they imitate have not been heard enough. The English, moreover, with their love of moderation and of the amateur, often prefer a dilettantish compromise to a deep but uncomfortable original work. As the music created by 'real' composers will gradually become better known, so the amateur works will disappear—to university music department shelves, there to moulder with the scores of Stanford, Parry, and Bantock. At the time of these composers, English music was only just re-emerging, after an almost total silence lasting from the arrival of Handel. The faltering steps of a Stanford or Parry are not only excusable but laudable, inspiring even, in view of the disastrous musical ignorance then prevailing in this country. It is up to the men who succeed these composers not only to go to the roots of music, but to be the roots of music. To do this, we must study Continental thought, understand it, absorb its principles, criticize them constructively, and, in the light of the experience of the music of the past, take the next step forward.

There is no longer any place for nationalism in music: our problems are fundamental, general, international. A composer who is preoccupied with being English, or any other nationality, so long after the event of any national feeling in art, when national folk music has become a mummy embalmed in the collector's tape-recordings, is guilty of violating a corpse. Any living Englishness will be spontaneous—and at first unrecognizable as such; it will be the natural expression of English composers solving their problems in an unselfconscious way.

## Lack of Competent Composition Teachers

Part at least of our youngest composers' trouble is the almost complete lack of competent composition teachers. There are few who can inspire a student to study a score in close analytical detail; indeed, close analysis is sometimes even discouraged. It is said to promote a 'mathematical' approach to musical composition, to discourage spontaneity. In order to discuss the metaphysics, the psychology, of music, one must take for granted a



knowledge of its science, its mathematics; just as, in discussing its science and mathematics, one must take for granted the existence of a related metaphysics and psychology. A denial of either aspect seems to be an expression of fear—fear of having one's ignorance uncovered. Much of our so-called teaching of musical composition today is an accumulation of interest on vested ignorance.

### Strangeness of New Music

New music sounds strange to those who have had nothing to do with it. This is the central problem of so-called 'advanced' styles of composition—that of communication. The problem is nobody's fault, and, what is worse, for the time being it seems insoluble. It became acute as soon as the listener, at any given point in a piece of music, could no longer take his bearings from pivotal tonal chords. The substructure of tonality was gone, and each sound had to be listened to carefully in relation to the sounds around it.

If Schönberg had written tonal works after 1909, the year of the *Five Orchestral Pieces*, he would have been immoral in the deepest sense of the word—artistically immoral, in that he would have attempted to perpetuate a certain moment in musical history beyond the time in which it was valid, the moment of extreme chromaticism, of 'panchromaticism', as it has been called, or, in less technical terms, of the ripest Romanticism.

It is wrong to say that art is in advance of its time. It is a sure indication of its time, although the true nature of any given period is, at first, only recognized by few. The others, the vast majority, do not penetrate beyond the surface, which is always a hangover from the preceding period anyway. Then, by degrees, the essence of a period percolates through to the surface, until it can eventually be seen by everybody.

So far as England goes, the results of Schönberg's music of 1909 are only beginning to be clearly felt today. When he 'went atonal', Schönberg followed promptings beyond himself, promptings of whose meaning and ultimate significance he could only have had intimations. For other composers, whose intimations were different, and not necessarily in any way less profound, this step was not yet necessary. But for Schönberg, given his mind, outlook, and historical situation, atonality was the next, the only step—a forty-year-old step which we over here still find difficult to follow.

Dodecaphony came later, after years of work. There were three twelve-note composers, Schönberg, Berg, and Webern. There is no point for us in applying their personal techniques, unless it be as an exercise in pure technique, as distinct from composition, which is artistic expression by means of technique. After the second world war, the logical consequence of Webern's work was an inquiry into the very nature of musical sound. Webern had so concentrated his musical expression that each sound had a significance *per se*; whereas in the music of Schönberg or Berg each sound still formed a part of a melody, counterpoint, or harmony. In Webern we find that the nature of the notes, exposed in their stark isolation, largely dissolves the traditional functions of melody, counterpoint and harmony. In fact, these terms themselves cease to hold much meaning in the new context. What one hears are relationships between pairs of notes, within a limited intervallic field defined by the twelve-notes series; also varying densities of notes sounding together, all thrown into relief by characteristic dynamics.

### Webern and Total Serialism

Silence and dynamic differentiation are important ingredients in Webern's music, giving the ear time to assimilate the sounds, and pointing their identities and relationships. But the fashionable Webernites went on to serialize not only the notes themselves, but the silences, the durations, the dynamic indications, the method of attack (staccatos and legatos of different sorts), the instrumentation, and anything else that they could think of, all by the number twelve. Theirs was an attempt to control the whole process of composition in all departments. But the defects of total serialism are now realized by the initiators of the method themselves, who have in fact developed beyond that stage. The limitations of this kind of music are easy to hear. The extreme diversity of successive sounds dulls the ear's response, and in the

end the effect is just the opposite of the intended extreme variety; it is monotony.

If, moreover, one introduces permutation systems in all departments—notes, rhythmic durations, silences, dynamics, methods of attack—there is no creative control over any department. Permutations revolve with a bland disregard for all preconceived ideas; to everyone's embarrassment, they may even occasionally produce a common chord. Finally, this kind of serialism applied to instrumentation does not usually grant any one player more than one note at a time—a machine-like state of affairs in no way related to the *Klangfarbenmelodie*, the colour melody, of Schönberg or Webern.

In some recent works serial composers have dispensed with total serialism, and worked with other methods which allow for a choice of notes and events. Boulez, for instance, in the Mallarmé improvisations, has worked with the frequency of occurrence of the notes. One note appears most often, with a diminishing scale of frequency through the rest of the notes employed, until we arrive at the note which appears least often. This procedure results in something rather like tonality, in that one note may be a 'pivot'; but no triads are emphasized, no key-regions evoked. In the rhythmic field, Stockhausen, perhaps finding his *Kontra-punkte No. 1* monotonous, has evolved a system of superposed rhythmic planes, divided among the instruments, which lends enormous variety to the texture and gives the listener features to listen to, as opposed to an amorphous whole.

### A Necessary Step

I mention these particular developments because so many people think that the so-called *avant-garde* is still evolving mechanical dodecaphonic permutations. Total serialism was a necessary step, and symptomatic of certain fundamental problems entailed in the crisis of musical language. One might even say, in safe retrospect, that the breakdown of traditional harmonic criteria nearly fifty years ago was bound to be followed by a critical examination of all other traditional criteria in music. After all, not only harmony, but also counterpoint and melody, as distinct dimensions, had largely disappeared in Webern. Total serialization, when it was initiated, was an attempt to reintegrate the scattered elements of composition under one co-ordinating principle. We have learnt something from this experience: that rhythmic and dynamic serialism, applied to short note-rows, can be used to build up large musical structures whose relationships are clear to the ear. But there seems to be no more reason for using all the twelve notes. If one's material is properly organized, no incongruous tonal hierarchy will suggest itself insidiously, and the judicious use of a few notes transposed into contrasting regions provides interest and even drama.

Form is another acute problem in our present situation. Stockhausen in his *Eleventh Piano Piece*, presented the performer with several sections of music, or 'groups', as they are called, and left the determination of their order to the performer. But surely this procedure shifts the responsibility of formal organization on to the player, and evades the problem of form, just as the application of total serialism evades all problems of organization. At the same time, once we English composers firmly set ourselves to study music, this new development of older modes of expression may well offer us an opportunity to utilize our natural conservatism within the identifiable mainstream of the music of our time.—*Third Programme*

A newly revised edition of Sir Newman Flower's *George Frideric Handel, his personality and his times* has been published (Cassell, 30s.) in honour of the bicentenary of Handel's death.

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Mr. S. H. Steinberg's work, *Five Hundred Years of Printing*, originally published as a Pelican book, has now been revised, re-illustrated, and enlarged into a bound volume of 286 pages (Faber, 30s.).

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*Poetry and Interpretation*, by Mrs. Joan Bennett, the Warton Lecture on English Poetry for 1958, has been published for the British Academy by the Oxford University Press (3s. 6d.). So has *Shakespeare and the Tragic Pattern*, by Kenneth Muir, the 1958 Annual Shakespeare Lecture (also 3s. 6d.).



# Sir Matthew Smith: 1879-1959

By DAVID PIPER

ALL those who respond to painting must mourn the passing of Sir Matthew Smith. By comparison the paintings of most other contemporary English artists appear relatively contrived and arbitrary, a little wan from mental agitation. Smith's paintings are the work of the whole man; intellect plays its necessary part, but is no more than a part of the organism. He had an intuitive and sensuous understanding of his material that was rivalled among British artists only by that of Epstein in clay. It was Epstein who arranged for the showing of Matthew Smith's first exhibited picture, in 1915 at the London Group, and who at one time owned a magnificent collection of paintings by the artist whom he so much admired—an admiration reflected in his own watercolours. That these two should be linked by time so closely in their deaths is not unfitting.

Smith's origins scarcely suggested the future painter of almost tropical sumptuousness: he was born in Halifax, the son of a wire-manufacturer; educated at Giggleswick and thence drafted into the family firm. Only after four years of this came the breakaway into the Manchester School of Art and the Slade; then the truly decisive break to France, to Matisse and liberation by the Fauves, and the tortuously slow struggle to formulate what he had to say and how to say it. He did not exhibit at all until 1915, and was confident enough to face the public with a one-man show only in 1926, when he was forty-six years old. This—with his second show a year later—established him almost at once in the English firmament and from then on he found both sales and a widespread and warm appreciation. By the time of his first show he had already passed through his formative stages to his mature style. The former are well enough represented at the Tate by the 'Fitzroy Street Nude' of 1916, proclaiming the Fauve influence which is seminal throughout all his work, vital but harsh and more of a drawing than a painting; the 'Apples' of 1919, almost airborne by their vivid reds and yellows and violets from their plate, in which the form almost is the colour; and the livid 'Cornish Church' of 1920. The Cornish landscapes of this period, painted apparently through a phase of doubt and distress, stand still supreme for some of his admirers in his work; haunting with an authentic, stifling claustrophobia though they are, they seem to me less satisfying, perhaps because in them can be felt precisely too much control in design, a stringent reining-in for fear of running amok. But in the next few years caution was dispelled, the colour loosens and begins to glow, to fire; colour seems to surge and throb up through the subject, absorbing it according to colour's own laws of movement and form and space.

Before the war most of the painting was done in France, where, between 1930 and 1940, he lived mainly in the south,

first at Cagnes and then for some years at Aix-en-Provence. His public career prospered steadily; he was chosen for England for the Biennale in 1938 (and again in 1950), he was officially recognized by the C.B.E. in 1949 and given the honour, very rare for an English artist in his lifetime, of a retrospective exhibition at the Tate in 1953. But neither the culminating honour of knighthood nor old age could quash the vitality and the freshness of vision and imagination that informed his every foray on to canvas, nor did they slacken his grasp of technique nor the self-criticism that, restless and unsatisfied, matched what he had painted against what he had meant to paint.

His subjects, or more exactly his starting-points for his paintings, were always limited in their nature: nudes, landscapes, and clusters of flowers or fruit, but every excursion that he took from them was a new one through a fresh vision. Different admirers prefer different themes, but as a group the paintings of women are perhaps the most impressive, the colours shouldering a nude, massive as a range of hills, that takes form and substance while night dissolves into prismatic day.

These nudes, and the best of his flower and fruit pieces, have a ripe opulence unique in English painting. The



'Cornish Church', by Matthew Smith

*Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery*

root of many of his failures, or rather of his near-misses, may have lain in a failure of physique. It is as though sometimes he lacked the brute muscular power to sustain the sensuous exuberance of his colour; the heavy contours sag, and the thick paint slows. In fact he looked a frail man, pink and white, with a gnomish domed head and sharp nose. I met him only most briefly, but remember a shyness denied by a sort of acute radiance of benevolence further focused by thick, bright spectacles. I have also an irrepressible impression that on one occasion he was knitting. His external appearance gave little clue to the audacity and the largeness, and certainly not to the sometimes splendid recklessness, which are such characteristic components of his art.

He is often described as the most European English painter of his age; within the European scene he is not a major artist, in the sense of being a dominant peak or a new watershed. But he is surely one of those, a personality distinct, positive and unmistakable, who will be discovered again and again by succeeding generations with pleasure and admiration. A much-quoted but still most illuminating comment (by whom?) was made many years ago: 'He does not often hit the nail on the head, but you should just see the wood all round'. Indeed, his failures could give almost as much pleasure as his successes.

We have many challenging painters, but few who affirm with such generous and indomitable resonance. From his modest and arduous life he hoisted many triumphant banners, and they remain.



## Man's Knowledge of Man

## What Makes Us What We Are?

KENNETH MATHER on heredity and environment

**E**VERY living creature is the joint product of its heredity and its environment—of the genes it inherits from its parents and of the circumstances in which it grows, develops, and lives its life. Man is no exception. Each of us receives from his father a set of chromosomes, and of course a set of the genes these chromosomes carry, and another set from his mother. Together these make up our heredity endowment. At the same time each of us makes demands on the outside world, on our environment, for food and other requirements of life and development. So we may differ from one another either because the genes we have received from our parents are not the same or because our environments have not been alike—or by reason of both causes acting at once.

We can see that both genes and environment must be concerned in the expression of a character if we take an obvious example—our height. Tall parents tend to have tall children and short parents short children; in other words, the character is genetically determined. But equally, if the environment in which a child grows up is a poor one—if, for example, the child is undernourished—we would not expect him to come to the full vigour and stature of which he would be capable in better circumstances. The genetically tall child might still be taller than the genetically short even under poor circumstances, but neither would attain the stature he could reach in better conditions.

## Interplay of Heredity and Environment

Perhaps this interplay of heredity and environment, in the development of the individual, is most obvious in relation to a physical character like stature. But it is not confined to such characters. Indeed, everything about us, every character that we show—physical, physiological, and mental alike—is jointly determined by heredity and environment, with one exception—our blood groups, which seem to be wholly heredity in their determination. Now we are coming to learn something of how the genes and the external circumstances of the environment can interact to produce their joint effects from studies of other animals and plants, especially certain moulds. The genes, or at least some of them, are apparently responsible for the production of enzymes or ferments which facilitate the building-up and using of chemical substances like vitamins in regular sequences within the living cells. If the gene is not doing its work properly, then the chain of chemical processes in the cells will fail, or at least be changed, and a different kind of individual will result. Equally, of course, if the initial raw materials are not available in the right balance, or conditions are not right for the gene-controlled enzymes to act, the chain of processes will fail or be changed, and again the individual's development will be altered accordingly. Either way the individual shows the effects; and the nature of the cause, whether it is an heredity or an environmental shortcoming, can be discovered only by the appropriate genetical tests.

Where, because of a defective gene, a substance is not built up in the appropriate cells of a person, we can sometimes remedy the defect from outside. Thus people suffering from diabetes mellitus, which appears to spring from defective action of a gene, fail to manufacture insulin in their pancreatic cells. As a consequence they cannot break down sugar in their blood, and the ill and ultimately fatal consequences of this unfortunate condition then follow. But if, as is now regular practice, this substance insulin is supplied from outside by injection, the sufferer's bodily economy is brought back to normal and he is enabled to live a healthy and happy life. In another case a defective gene results in the failure of proper utilization of certain materials, in particular the substance tyrosine, which most of us accept as normal constituents of our food. The result is the accumulation in the body of certain chemicals called ketones, notably phenylpyruvic acid, and—what makes this upset particularly devastating—this is associated with

mental deficiency. But we have now every reason to believe that if we can spot children affected in this way early enough and put them on to a diet with a bare minimum of tyrosine in it, the disability can be overcome and the mental deficiency avoided. The defective gene is circumvented, so to speak, by adjusting the environment so that its action is no longer important.

## Adjusted Types

So far I have been discussing the interplay of heredity and environment in the development of characters in the individual. But there is another kind of interplay between the two which is important over much longer periods of time—important, in fact, on the evolutionary time-scale. Evolution, we believe, springs from natural selection—that is, from the favouring of some genetical types at the expense of others because they fit better into the world in which they find themselves. To use Darwin's expression, they are 'fitter'. One important aspect of this fitness is adaptation to the environment, and we can see adjustments to the environment not only in the different forms which various species of animals and plants have come to show to meet the demands of their various environments, but also even in the difference we can observe among different groups of human beings. Negroes originated in hot parts of the world whereas Eskimos characteristically live in cold places. This difference in environment is matched by overall differences in bodily form, the Negro having much longer limbs relative to the size of his body. So, relative to the volume of his body, on which depends the amount of heat the body produces, the Negro has a bigger surface area from which the heat is lost and the body cooled. In other words his bodily form meets the requirements of a hotter climate, and that of the Eskimo meets the requirements of cold, for his smaller surface area helps to conserve bodily heat. Genetically, in fact, the two types are adjusted to the demands of their environments. Presumably this has come about as a result of natural selection acting in the evolutionary past.

Everything I have said up to now about the interplay of heredity and environment applies to all living things—to plants, animals, and man alike. They are general principles to which man provides no exception. But in other and important ways, man is exceptional. With other species the environment depends little if at all on the individual's heredity. This is no longer true with men, who not only make their own environments for themselves, so that they can live in hot, cold, wet, and dry parts of the world at will, and now even propose to devise ways of living in space, but who also make environments for one another. This is perhaps most obvious within the family unit. The parents not only provide their children with genes, but also with a home—the most important part of the environment in which those children will grow up. And it is not only the physical environment, the shelter, food, and care that the parents provide, but also in a very substantial way, as any educationist will tell you, they provide the child's intellectual climate, with the sense of thought for others, respect for the law, love—or despal—of learning. Parents indeed give their children much more than genes, and in so far as the family environment reflects the genetic capacity of the parents, they are projecting their own heredity to their children through the environment they create. There is in fact a kind of hereditary environment.

## The Ability to Communicate

Though it is strongest in early life within the family, this projection of one individual's capacities, and innate capabilities, to another extends beyond this circle and is shown to varying degrees among all members of a human society. It depends, of course—as indeed does a major part of the family influence—on men's ability to communicate information and, even more important,



ideas to one another through speech, writing, and so on. The ability to communicate is the basis on which human society rests, the glue which binds it together. It affords the means by which new individuals are fitted for their places in the complex life of the community, and are taught its laws and traditions. It is the means, too, by which the community joins to enforce its will on recalcitrant members. More than this, communication is essential to the evolution of the society, and of individuals as members of society.

The development of a society depends on the knowledge which, taken as a group, that society possesses and uses, and by the rules and practices which it enforces and which determine its structure. It develops further by acquiring and using new knowledge, by the rise and acceptance of new concepts and new ideas. Now ideas have many of the properties which we find in genes. Not only do they govern the structure and organization of the society, as genes do those of the individual; they are transmissible, and therefore permanent in the same sense as genes, they vary and they are selected. Because they vary and are selected, the caucus of ideas and concepts upon which the structure of society depends is not only capable of evolution but must in fact evolve. But the nature—and, above all, the speed—of this social evolution will not be the same as we see in biological evolution. The processes of change are not quite the same as with genes, though the similarities are greater than might seem to be the case at first glance. Nor are the processes of selection the same, whether these arise from the competition of idea with idea in man's mind, or from the conflict of societies resting

on different tenets. But, most of all, the processes of transmission are different. Ideas and knowledge are not restricted in transmission from parent to offspring. They can spread sideways as well as vertically down the generations, can spread outside the limits of the family—indeed, beyond any biological relationship—and they can do so with a speed impossible to genes. In fact, their spread resembles infection rather than heredity, so that social evolution is an enormously more rapid process than biological.

This social evolution, upon which depend the most obvious differences between human communities, has come to overlay and obscure the genetical variation which we see when we look within societies. The two necessarily interact in their effects. The communication of ideas can spread the consequences of a genetically superior mind—a Newton or a Darwin, to name only scientists—with a speed and effect otherwise impossible: it can, so to speak, build up a genetic effect. It can also be used to suppress or erase hereditary differences, as for example where medicine succeeds in removing the menace of a hereditary disorder or education smooths out the individual idiosyncrasies of those who are taught. It can lead us to confuse knowledge, which is social and rapidly increasing, with ability which is genetical and rising, so far as we can see, not at all. It can blind us to the genetical consequences of our social changes—consequences which are none the less important because they are slow and obscure. This interplay of the social and the hereditary has only just been recognized, let alone studied. Yet study it—and study it deeply—we must, if we are to come to any true understanding of what makes man what he is.—*General Overseas Service*

## Quick and Cheap Copying by Machine

RONALD WALKER on xerography

**F**EW INVENTIONS have brought more benefit to man than the invention of printing, which has enabled knowledge to be spread quickly and cheaply. Now, another invention called xerography means that at a very moderate price one can buy a copy of almost any book that has ever been published or of the many priceless manuscripts and documents preserved in libraries and archives all over the world—and this is only one among the many applications of this new technique. The word 'xerography' is based on two Greek words meaning 'dry writing', and it is used to describe a technique which had its beginnings only twenty years ago. Chester Carlson, a New York patent attorney, searching for a more satisfactory way of making copies of his legal documents, hit upon a new copying method using light, electricity, and powder ink. From the first crude experiments carried out in a kitchen an important new industry is being developed.

Basically the way in which xerography works is reasonably simple. A special plate is charged all over with static electricity and the image of whatever is to be copied is focused through a lens on to the plate. The light areas of the original reflect light through the lens and wherever light strikes the plate the electric charge leaks away. But the dark parts of the image do not reflect the light, and therefore in the corresponding positions on the plate the electric charge remains. If one looked at the plate at this stage one would not see the image; it is still only an electrical pattern. A fine, charged powder is then poured over the plate and clings only to those areas where the charge remains. Now the image can be seen—an exact mirror image of the original. This image can now be transferred on to paper or virtually any other flat surface, and is permanently fixed there by using heat or vapours. The xerographic plate can be used about 1,000 times.

These basic steps are carried out in both manual equipment and automatic machines, and the time taken is from three minutes on the manual equipment down to a few seconds by the automatic machine. The main use of the manual equipment is for putting images on to offset-litho printing plates. Xerography is an ideal way of placing a water-repellent image of any original document on to an offset-litho printing plate. It is far cheaper and

quicker than former methods, and does not involve the wet processing associated with photographic processes.

Xerographic equipment is now being widely used in conjunction with offset-litho printing machines for copying all kinds of government, educational, commercial, and industrial documents. Anything written, typed, printed, or drawn can be copied by xerography. For example, postal authorities keep their master telephone lists up to date by xerography, wholesalers use it for their price lists, motor-car manufacturers and engineering firms produce all kinds of drawings and instructional books; governments use it for their minutes, railways for their mass of paper-work, atomic energy authorities for scientific data.

The manual equipment for making offset-litho plates uses a flat xerographic plate. Automatic machines use a revolving xerographic drum on which the various stages of the process are carried out continuously and extremely rapidly. The main purpose of these automatic machines is for producing direct paper copies of large numbers of documents. They turn out twenty feet of prints a minute on plain, unsensitized paper, copying from original documents, from micro-film, or from cut film. One of the first British-made machines has just been installed in the British Patent Office, where it will reprint patent specifications which are out of print but in demand.

Another of these machines is being used for reprinting rare and out-of-print books and old manuscripts. The book is first micro-filmed, then from this microfilm the machine reprints one copy in five to ten minutes.

These machines have something revolutionary to offer to the engineer as well as to the business man and scholar. They will copy engineering drawings speedily and faithfully and allow the whole business of recording, storing, sorting and copying engineering drawings to be integrated in a way never dreamt of before.

These automatic xerographic machines can also be adapted for other special uses. Recently a demonstration was given of one that had been built into a system for printing the output of electronic computers. The production model will print 3,000 lines of computer output—equivalent in length to a short novel—in one minute.—*General Overseas Service*



# The Purpose of 'Lifeline'

A CONSULTANT PSYCHIATRIST discusses the B.B.C. Television series in which he appears

**O**BJECTIVE study of man suggests that while in many ways he resembles all other living creatures in his needs and patterns of behaviour, in some extremely important ways he differs from them all, and is himself unique. He resembles them all in requiring food and periods of activity alternating with periods of rest. He resembles the mammals, from mice and birds up to apes, elephants, and whales, in much of his physiology, and in his remarkable capacity to adapt his physical existence to changing external circumstances: but he is probably unique in being the one living creature who is aware of his own existence as something possessing intrinsic significance, being limited in time and so having a beginning and an end; while also being related to a continuing concept of purpose. Inexorably bound up with this is his sense of values; that is, of abstract ideas having to do with the relations between living creatures. Examples are such ideas as truth, justice, charity, honour, and the intrinsic worth and dignity of life itself.

Man is not, and cannot be, content to accept life as meaningless. Even when stridently proclaiming a materialist philosophy, which ultimately inevitably robs his existence of meaning or purpose, man continues, despite himself, to behave as though what he did mattered. Indeed, to proclaim a philosophy at all, or hold a point of view, inevitably implies an underlying assumption that there is meaning and worth in life. Not even the most base philosophies, the most degraded concepts of society, the most expedient or cynical political programmes, can escape entirely the necessity of postulating some sort of purpose for their justification.

## Religious Belief

Sincere religious belief may confer upon the believer the relief and certainty of personal conviction about the purpose of living; but not all sincere human beings have found a religious belief to which they can give their allegiance. Yet if they refuse to acknowledge a personal attitude towards the question of purpose and meaning in life, they are perhaps seeking refuge in an agnosticism which is not supported by man's own study of the intensely purposeful nature of biological processes. In one sense, man cannot escape this question of purpose in his existence, of the meaning of his relationship with other men, and of the ultimate reality of values; and perhaps in this sense the psychiatrist, as a special kind of doctor, has a particular contribution to make.

Psychiatry is one of the ways by which men seek to understand themselves. Its special province is an understanding of the life of mind, particularly of the sick mind. But it is bound to concern itself fundamentally with the basic needs and drives which move through the mind, in health as well as in sickness. Psychiatry is indeed confronted by a number of such basic needs and drives; and has tended in the past to find an understanding of some more readily than others.

The sexual instinct, the instinct of self-preservation, and the drive towards power, have all been penetratingly analysed and relatively well understood. Through psychiatry we have also tended to rediscover one highly important fact, which perhaps in one sense mankind has always known but is often in danger of forgetting: that man needs love, as much as food and shelter; and will wilt or die as miserably in the long run if denied love as if deprived of any other necessity. Yet if man's need to love and to be loved is frustrated; if his need to be needed, and to find for himself a place in life which he feels has meaning for others, and in which he may be of service to them as well as to himself, is thwarted; then, unless his understanding can extend beyond his immediate animal reaction to this situation, he may hate, perhaps behave hatefully, and so ultimately become hateful himself.

All this psychiatry has proved, against the background of man's

study of himself. But it is not the whole story. Careful and objective study of man's life reveals him in search not only of immediate physical satisfactions but beyond these of some ultimate point and purpose in living at all. This search may take many forms, and be conscious or unconscious, constant or fluctuating, but seems an inescapable aspect of human existence. A serious television series, attempting even the beginnings of some sort of study of human beings, based upon this attitude towards them and their attitude towards each other, and attempting this in fortnightly fragments strictly limited to thirty minutes each, faces a daunting challenge and may invite a crushing rebuke. Yet such has been the series of programmes called 'Lifeline'.

## Imaginative Understanding

The title originally proposed for this series was 'What Can Be Done?'. It was conceived as a programme which might examine not simply how, where, and by whom personal problems might reasonably be studied and help given; but beyond this might be a means of giving viewers an opportunity to think again about their own attitude to such problems in themselves and others, and above all to cultivate a greater capacity for compassion, and for an imaginative understanding of all the complexities of human life, than they had had before.

It is my own belief that a doctor can have an important part to play in this aspect of television. He is, after all, used to meeting human suffering and courage in the raw; and the general impact of this experience can equip him with a personal insight into the confusion and bewilderment which attends so much individual disaster, and the prejudice which complicates so much human fear: fear of illness, fear of difference, fear of disaster.

When I had outlined this concept to the producer (Hugh Burnett), whose job it was to create with me the series for which we have been responsible, he liked the idea, but disliked the provisional title. It was too long; and, by suggesting that our explorations might be limited to the existent practical sources of assistance or social service, it was too restricted. We discussed innumerable alternatives: then he suggested 'Lifeline'.

'Lifeline' could mean some kind of vitally needed aid, thrown out to individuals about to be submerged in a sea of trouble. It could also mean the examination of the destiny and existence of one human being, or a group of human beings, and their repercussions on each other. Its final meaning for us, within the framework of the programme, came to be a blend of both these possibilities. We took individuals for our examples, and the attitude of others towards them as the context in which we examined them. We recognized inevitably that we were being forced, like our subjects, towards the assumption of responsibility and the acceptance of a goal. We saw our responsibility as an approach to truth; and justice and sincerity were our ideals. Our goal was a compassionate but detached and discerning acceptance and awareness of the human predicament, and an examination of the attitude of the many towards the few.

## Varying Ideas and Practical Possibilities

We found this consistent theme of paying attention to the individual, to his hopes or plans or fears or beliefs, and of holding up a mirror to the attitude of the group towards him, developing both deliberately and intuitively as the programmes proceeded. We recognized that in this we were at least consistent with our own thesis; namely, that just as man's experiences must inevitably include both suffering and the hope and intention of its relief, together with a sense of justice and purpose, and the hope and intention of their vindication, so also must a serious television programme take account of these aspects of human existence.



Among the ideas and practical possibilities we sought to examine were included such varying topics as the place of corporal punishment in modern society, the claims of Christian Science, the attitude of the public to mental illness, and the attitude of the patients themselves. Other controversial programmes dealt with the termination of pregnancy, euthanasia, the meaning of mysticism, the implications of 'brainwashing' and of sudden, violent, religious conversion. The individual pathos of mental deficiency was contrasted on the one hand with the possibilities for research in this subject, and on the other with the implications of an enlightened public attitude towards it; and the series ended with an objective appraisal of the motives, the tragic subterfuges, and the fundamental challenge represented by certain kinds of psychopaths—the pretenders.

### Preserving Ideals and Principles

Two things at least emerged from the way in which these programmes developed. The first was that the instinctive reaction of human beings to the differences or dangers, the illnesses or afflictions of other individuals may sometimes be far less than the best of which they are capable, and lamentably remote from the ideals which they might profess and the principles to which they might subscribe. The second, that nevertheless man is not bound inevitably to betray himself, and that his ideals and principles can be preserved in his attitude if he will but pay rather more particular attention to the plight of the individual who confronts him.

This has been fascinatingly underlined by the observations and subsequent speculations of a great naturalist, Professor Tinbergen, now a lecturer on animal behaviour at the University of Oxford, and formerly Professor of Zoology at the University of Leiden. During the process of attaching coloured leg rings to individual heron gulls, so that he could identify them on future occasions in the course of observing the whole colony, he was struck by the behaviour of the rest of the colony towards the temporarily netted gull, furiously struggling in a hitherto unrecognized and perhaps seemingly dangerous predicament. He has written:

A gull struggling in the net promptly causes great commotion among the other gulls. They gather above it in a dense flock, screaming loudly, and swoop down in what seem to be actual attacks. We were always so taken up with getting the captured gull before it could escape, and with ringing it with the least possible delay, that we rarely stopped to study the reactions of the other gulls more closely. But this would be very worth while, because the phenomenon has interesting sociological aspects. The gulls seemed to show a double response. On the one hand they were alarmed by the disturbance, and I think I have heard the alarm call on a number of such occasions. On the other hand their reaction to the captured gull seemed definitely hostile. It is known in other instances too that social animals may attack individuals who behave in an abnormal manner. . . .

One is tempted to compare this with human behaviour. In human society, primitive as well as civilized, a similar instinctive reaction is very strongly developed. It is perhaps possible to distinguish three steps or gradations of rising intensity in the social defence attitude of a crowd. The first is laughing at an individual who behaves in a slightly abnormal way. This reaction serves the function of forcing the individual back into the normal, that is to say into conventional behaviour. The next and higher intensity reaction is withdrawal; the individual has made himself 'impossible' and his companions ignore him. This, viewed from the aspect of biological significance, is a still stronger stimulus to the abnormal person to behave normally. The highest intensity reaction is one of definite hostility, resulting in making the individual an outcast, and, in primitive societies, even in killing him. In my opinion, it is of grave importance for human sociology to recognize the instinctive basis of such reactions, and to study them comparatively in other social species. . . .

### Where to Begin?

Some alternative to this innate instinctive pattern of behaviour, by which we first deride, then reject, and finally perhaps even attack the individual whose behaviour we do not or cannot accept, is of course essential if we are to raise ourselves above the level of animals in the way in which we ultimately treat each other. Whether or not we have the inspiration of religion in the com-

mandment to love our neighbours as ourselves, the effort may be considerable and we need to know how we can begin. I think the answer to this question, and indeed the text of the message which psychiatry itself can give to the modern world, the precepts to which it must hold, and the example which it must set, can best be summed up in a memorable line from Arthur Miller's play *Death of a Salesman*.

The words are spoken by the wife of the doomed man, when she is attempting to waken the conscience, compassion, and humanity of her two sons towards the father who has endlessly indulged them but whom they now affect to despise. They have discovered his pathetic and sordid preparations for suicide; a length of rope in the garage, the rubber tubing which he is contemplating connecting to the exhaust of his car. Projecting some of their guilt as hostility towards this man whom they can see now only as a source of worry to the mother upon whom they still depend, they wax at first derisive and then indignant about his cowardice and underhandedness in thus sneaking off ignobly to die, leaving all his problems still unsolved. Their mother, suddenly become wise and eloquent in her comprehension of the ultimate tragedy of the situation, rounds on them fiercely, reminding them both of their relationship to their father, of his need of them and of her, and of his search for an understanding which he has never achieved; either from most of the people with whom he has dealt, or from himself within his own heart. 'Attention', she says, 'attention must finally be paid to such a person'.

This, above all, has seemed to me to be the key, not simply to the practice of medicine, and particularly psychiatry, but also to the pattern of living which enables us to recognize both the intrinsic worth and at least the potential dignity of our fellow men; and to acknowledge also the need for imagination and forbearance in the way we react to them, even when we do not understand them.

### Uncompromising Love for Other Human Beings

Attention must be paid to the individual man and woman, no matter what the nature of their sickness or suffering, no matter how severe the disturbance or distortion of their world or of their contact with others, no matter how strange or different or even frightening they may appear, no matter how sordid or ignominious their predicament. In the special context of this phrase, attention means not simply interest, not even simply compassion, but the active, dedicated, detached, and uncompromising love for other human beings which alone can inspire and ultimately save the relationship of man with himself and with others.

We have only to look about us in the world today to see the final justification for this point of view. Whatever may be our fears or prejudices, sooner or later we have got to recognize that there is but one race, and that the human race; but one truth for all men, yet so many needs which all men have in common. They need to be able to work for rather than against each other; to be able to trust and not to have to fear: to be able to love and not to have to hate. And to achieve all this they need to recognize beneath any colour of skin, any cast of countenance, any pattern of language, society, or culture, the fundamental human values and the ultimate human capacity to respond to them and to each other.

It is easy, because all too innate and animal, to deride what we do not understand, and to reject what we do not recognize. We can so readily fear or hate those whom we have not yet learned to love or even to accept. All this is easy, but in the end fatal.

Despite the remarkable potentialities of the human mind and brain, the incredible flexibility of human skills and ingenuity, and that unique inheritance to which each one of us comes almost unrecognizing, the inheritance of the sum of human knowledge, we yet remain struggling and thrashing in a sea of discord and fear; and may yet drown unless we can find and acknowledge, before it is too late for ourselves and for others, the nature of the human lifeline. That it exists, and is neither beyond reach nor recognition, but that we still have to strive towards it, is the theme which has underlain these programmes. It has been at least our aim to illuminate it.

A new series of 'Lifeline' programmes begins in B.B.C. Television on October 13



# General Election Broadcasts

## Labour

**Mr. Alan Birch**  
**Mrs. Joyce Butler**  
**Mr. James Callaghan**  
**Mr. James Peddie**  
 (introduced by  
**Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn**)

**Anthony Wedgwood Benn:** At this moment Chris Mayhew is by St. Martin-in-the-Fields in London and Woodrow Wyatt at Gallowtree Gate in Leicester. They will ask for any questions from people standing around them. The answers will come from three places: with me in London are Alderman Joyce Butler, mother of two and M.P. since 1955, and Alan Birch, Chairman of the Economic Committee of the T.U.C. In Newcastle, Jim Peddie, Chairman of the Co-operative Party; and in Cardiff, Jim Callaghan, Labour's spokesman on colonial affairs. Now Chris, have you got the first question?

**Christopher Mayhew:** All ready! Here it is:

**Voice:** Do you support the strike of the British Oxygen lorry drivers?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Alan Birch.

**Alan Birch:** No. The T.U.C. General Council has this morning condemned the strike as they've always condemned unofficial action against the constitution of the unions. And we are hoping that under a Labour Government that kind of condemnation will meet with a better response than it has under the conditions of private enterprise in the last few years.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Right. Thanks very much. Next question, Woodrow please, from Leicester.

**Woodrow Wyatt:** Here's a hosiery factory manager to put the first question from Leicester.

**Voice:** We have been told that we are on Labour's list for nationalization if we're found failing the community. We think we're pretty efficient, but exactly how would a Labour Government decide whether a certain company was failing the community or not?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Jim Callaghan, would you like to take that?

**James Callaghan:** Well, the first thing we've got to look at is its efficiency. If you're efficient, then you haven't got anything to worry about in the lifetime of this Labour Government, because we've said what we're going to do there, and that is road haulage and steel, and my goodness, both of them need it. But as far as you're concerned, if there is to be any future proposal for public ownership there, you'd be subjected first of all to a very searching enquiry, to see whether you are efficient or not.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Chris Mayhew, please.

**Mayhew:** From a young lady in Central London:

**Female Voice:** What is Labour's policy on nuclear disarmament?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Joyce Butler, would you like to tackle that one?

**Joyce Butler:** Well, Labour is most concerned to try to prevent other countries developing

their nuclear weapons, and so we want to give a lead to them and say we will give up our nuclear weapons if they will do the same, with the exception, at present, of America and Russia. We think that that will give the world the lead it needs to end this horror which worries all of us so much.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Right, Woodrow please.

**Wyatt:** Here's a schoolmaster.

**Voice:** Why are the Labour Party so set on comprehensive schools to the obvious future detriment of grammar schools?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Well, education—who'd like to tackle that? Joyce Butler, would you like to take this one again? Comprehensive schools.

**Callaghan:** Let me have a go, because I've got a girl at a comprehensive school.

**Wedgwood Benn:** All right, Jim Callaghan from Cardiff.

**Callaghan:** Can I say this? Look, we're not so concerned with the schools—whether it's grammar or comprehensive—as we are with the pupils. It doesn't matter whether its detrimental to the school; it's what is best for the children in the school. And I've not the slightest doubt at all, myself, from my own experience of a comprehensive school, that this is the school of the future. How it's applied, and in what order, of course, is a different matter. But undoubtedly it's got a great future in the educational system of this country.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Chris Mayhew, I think it's your turn now, isn't it?

**Mayhew:** Well, we've waylaid a Pakistani student . . . Here he is:

**Voice:** What does the Labour Party feel about Commonwealth people coming into your country?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Jim Peddie, you haven't answered one, can we have you first from Newcastle?

**James Peddie:** Well, I think that as citizens of the Commonwealth they have every right to come into the country. And I feel that the Commonwealth citizens themselves have made a considerable contribution to the development of our own country. You'll find many of our tory friends are stimulating the sort of antipathy which is not to the best interests of all concerned.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Woodrow, can we have a question from you now, from Leicester?

**Wyatt:** Here's a housewife and telephonist.

**Voice:** Food prices have continued to rise during the past few years. As a housewife, I would like to know what steps will a Labour Government take to ensure that prices are brought down, for on the face of it it would appear that the Labour Party's policy of guaranteed prices to farmers, etc., will make food dearer.

**Peddie:** Well, I think I'd better have a go at that question. What do you think?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Jim Peddie, right.

**Peddie:** I think there's evidence since the tories came to power that prices have gone up, in spite of the fact that between mid-1957 and 1959 import prices fell by 10 per cent, and that ought to have meant a 2 per cent fall in prices and instead of that they've gone up by 2.3 per

cent. One's only got to look at the fact that since 1955 trading conditions have been in our national interests, and yet the value of the pound has fallen since 1955 down to 15s. 4d. as against 20s. for the previous period.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Right. By the way, I ought to add just one thing—we do not know what these questions are. They are absolutely unheard. Christopher Mayhew, please.

**Mayhew:** I've got a housewife here from Eltham.

**Voice:** What are you going to do about the Old Age Pension? Can you afford the increase?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Alan Birch.

**Birch:** Labour's question is: Can we afford not to increase the Old Age pension? Both in the short term and the long term, Labour policy is far in advance of the tories on this vital question. We must look after our people; it should be the first charge upon our productive resources.

**Callaghan:** Can I add a sentence?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Yes, Jim Callaghan from Cardiff.

**Callaghan:** Look, the tories have always said we can't afford it. They said that when Lloyd George introduced the Old Age Pension of five bob in 1906. They said it when men were living on the dole in the nineteen-thirties, they said we couldn't afford the Health Service. They always say we can't afford these things, but once they've introduced them then they claim credit for them.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Another question, Woodrow please, from Leicester.

**Wyatt:** Here's an engineer who works in the great engineering firm of British Thomson Houston.

**Voice:** I work in the engineering industry. When this arms race comes to an end it will probably cause some unemployment. Would the Labour Party support a redundancy scheme on a par with the coal industry?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Alan Birch.

**Birch:** By all means the trade unions ought to have redundancy agreements with all employers and the nationalized industries have definitely set the lead on this. But redundancy agreements are not enough. We must plan our economy in order to ensure that there is regular and full employment for everybody. And that's more and more important if, as we hope, disarmament gets under way.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Christopher Mayhew from London, please.

**Mayhew:** Well, I've got quite a crowd here now and I'm not sure what the next question is, but here it is.

**Voice:** Will the Labour Party release Dr. Banda?

**Wedgwood Benn:** Jim Callaghan.

**Callaghan:** I think the first thing to do is to invite him to come to London for talks about the future of his country. When we've settled that then I certainly hope he will go home to take his place as one of the natural leaders of his people.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Woodrow Wyatt now, from Leicester.



Wyatt: Here's a commercial traveller with his temper.

Voice: The Labour Party is supposed to be the champion of the small man, and yet in the whole of their programme I find no mention of derating. At the present time I believe that the industrialists are making tremendous profits and getting away by only paying half of the full rates, whilst myself, and thousands of other home buyers who are hoping to own their own homes in years to come, have got to pay the full whack.

Wedgwood Benn: Alderman Joyce Butler on derating, and what the Labour Party will do about it.

Joyce Butler: We entirely agree with you. We think that derating should be ended.

Wedgwood Benn: Right. Can we come to the next question, Christopher Mayhew?

Mayhew: A young man from New Cross.

Voice: If Labour gets in, what do you propose to do about the traffic problem?

Wedgwood Benn: Jim Callaghan?

Callaghan: Well, the first thing to do is to try to clear up some of the congestion. That needs a better programme inside the towns. It's no use connecting up the big towns with motorways if you leave the congestion inside. We've got to be prepared to take drastic steps with old buildings, pull them down in order to avoid strangling traffic inside our large cities.

Birch: And Jim, another thing, too. We don't want our railways running half empty, and our roads crowded out with traffic that can be better carried by rail.

Peddie: It might be as well to remember the Preston by-pass.

Wedgwood Benn: Well, and there's the news today from the Chiswick fly-over where the Government's muddle and inefficiency has cost £120,000. Woodrow Wyatt, now, another question.

Wyatt: Here's a corporation worker.

Voice: Why hasn't the Labour Party told us what they're going to do about the recent water shortage? Have they got a national plan?

Wedgwood Benn: Who's the expert on water? Jim Peddie, you've been silent for a moment.

Peddie: Well, I'm not an expert on water, nor on even stronger things, but the Labour Party has indicated in its programme the necessity for a national scheme of water supplies. Water certainly has been a very necessary thing that's been neglected over the years, and a comprehensive scheme for the complete co-ordination of water supplies is one of the objectives of the future Labour Government.

Wedgwood Benn: I think we'd better have another one from Chris Mayhew. Is it your turn? I've lost count.

Mayhew: Yes, it's my turn, and I've waylaid an elderly gentleman here who wants to ask a question.

Voice: Elderly? I'm not elderly. Well, anyway, Mr. Gaitskill brought in certain health charges when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Now, then, what reasons will he give for abolishing these charges, and would he abolish all the charges that the Conservative Government brought in when it was in power?

Wedgwood Benn: Alan Birch, will you comment on this?

Birch: In 1951 there was a crisis as a result of the Korean war, and the Labour Government reluctantly had to take powers in regard to two

things only—teeth and spectacles. Now the Tories, since then, have extended the charges to prescription forms, they've nearly trebled the amount of the contribution paid in National Insurance to the Health Service, and Labour's pledged to abolish them all under the conditions of today.

Wedgwood Benn: And in 1951 it was temporary, wasn't it, as well? Woodrow, another question.

Wyatt: Here's a Leicester housewife.

Voice: I would like to know how much the Labour programme is going to cost me and my family. It sounds marvellous but it just can't be believed.

Peddie: Well, there's a simple answer to that one: that all these costs are borne out of national productivity, madam. And when we consider the tremendous fall that has taken place in the rate of productivity increase, and we consider that if the productivity that had been occasioned during the period that Labour was in office had been continued during the period the Tories were in office, the national income in 1958 would have been £1,700,000,000 higher than it has been. Out of that increased productivity could come much of the added expense due to greater social service.

Wedgwood Benn: Christopher Mayhew please, another question.

Mayhew: A question from a bookseller.

Voice: Just what exactly is the Labour Party going to do about the 420,000 people unemployed? What exactly are they going to do about unemployment?

Wedgwood Benn: Alan Birch.

Birch: Well, unemployment can't be dealt with just as a national average, it must be dealt with where it exists. And we must find an opportunity for jobs for people in Wales, in Scotland, in all those places where it is now much higher than the national average. And Labour will use the powers which it still possesses—which the Government possessed under the Distribution of Industry Act, much more forcibly than the Tories have done in the last eight years.

Wedgwood Benn: Anyone to add on anything about unemployment? Joyce Butler.

Joyce Butler: As we did immediately after the last war, when we had to resettle all the men coming out of the armed forces in civilian employment.

Wedgwood Benn: Jim Callaghan . . .

Callaghan: I must add this because it's South Wales. Look, when Labour was in power we brought factories here. Since the Tories have been in power the factories have closed down again and gone back to the Midlands. We've got twice as many men in my constituency out of work today as we had ten years ago.

Wedgwood Benn: Jim Peddie, you're in Newcastle . . .

Peddie: And the simple statement is that unemployment has been higher under Tory rule than ever it was at the worst period during the Labour administration.

Wedgwood Benn: Woodrow, another question from Leicester.

Wyatt: A student teacher with an important question about his profession.

Voice: If the Labour Party gets into power, what measures will it take to reduce the size of classes? And how will they induce more people to enter the profession, which is very

understaffed? Such as an increase in salary, and perhaps an increase in students' grants.

Wedgwood Benn: Alderman Joyce Butler.

Joyce Butler: We shall reduce the size of classes to thirty and we shall do it by increasing the number of places in training colleges, and increasing the inducements to teachers to take up teacher-training.

Wedgwood Benn: Christopher Mayhew—and this will probably be the last question.

Voice: What is the Labour Party going to do to reduce the expenses charged by company directors?

Wedgwood Benn: Alan Birch.

Birch: Completely revise the tax laws in order to ensure that only legitimate expenses which are actually incurred escape income tax.

Wedgwood Benn: Woodrow, one quick question.

Wyatt: Here's our last question from Leicester.

Voice: There's a strong belief in some quarters that if the Labour Party win the election then foreign investors will lose confidence in the pound and change to German marks or dollars.

Wedgwood Benn: Quickly, Jim, one sentence.

Callaghan: Utter nonsense!

—September 30

## Conservative

### Miss Patricia Hornsby-Smith Mr. R. A. Butler

Patricia Hornsby-Smith: Eight years ago I made my first party political broadcast. It was the first broadcast talk I had ever done in my life so I have every reason to remember it. I said then that if you returned a Conservative Government we would do certain things. We'd build you more houses; expand education; reduce your taxes; abolish restrictions; and stabilize prices.

Like Eliza's Professor Higgins, we did it. Listening in as you are now, will you think for a few moments of what a Conservative Government has meant to you? We're all interested in our pay packet, and dodge the subject as they will, under the socialists prices rose faster than wages, and faster than pensions too. So under them you got steadily worse off. Under the Conservatives, wages have gone up faster than prices; and so have pensions and other benefits. So we can honestly say you're better off under the Conservatives.

Let's take for an example a chap over twenty-one working in the electrical goods industry. Between 1951 and April 1959 his average earnings rose from £8 14s. to £14 2s.—that's a pretty good rise. But that's not all. His income tax and yours has come down quite a lot too. We've reduced the standard rates and we've increased Children's Allowances. Now let's see how all this works out.

Supposing we take the same chap and that he's married and has two children. On the last socialist Budget he was paying income tax on his £8 14s. pay packet. Today he doesn't start paying tax until he's earning over £12 a week, and he'll not pay the standard rate of 7s. 9d. until he's earning £21 a week. So the worker's not only earning more—but he's keeping more in his own pocket, under the Tories.



And what about the housewife? In 1951 an electric fire that the makers sold for 50s. had another fifty bob slapped on top of it for purchase tax. Today the tax is 15s., less than a third of what it was; and we've scrapped the tax altogether on things like tablecloths, towels, and fabrics. The Conservatives want to reduce purchase tax still more, and so help the housewife to reduce her cost of living. In contrast, Mr. Gaitskell's 1951 Budget increased taxation by £388,000,000. Now he tries to tell us that the socialists can spend £1,000,000,000 more without increasing our taxes.

It's no good thinking you can just soak the rich, because let's not forget that the bulk of our taxes are not paid by the 60,000 very highly paid people in this country though we take more than half all they earn already; but by the 14,000,000 people earning between £500 and £1,500 a year—that's £10 to £30 a week. And that means the wage earner, the teacher, the civil servant, the craftsman, and in fact most of us on present-day earnings.

Next, the socialists say they'll find the money from Britain's increasing prosperity. But who brought the country from the verge of bankruptcy to present-day prosperity? The Conservatives! And who is trying to put the clock back to restrictions, controls and nationalization which nearly ruined us before? Why, the socialists! Don't let them lead you up that garden path!

Like a housewife who budgets carefully, we don't pretend that we can do everything at once. The most important thing is to keep prices steady; then we want to reduce taxation still more, but let's not forget that we've got to earn our keep before we can spend it. That's good housekeeping. That's Conservative policy. And that's why we are now as a nation solvent.

And what about housing? I wonder how many of you listening to me this evening were living in one room or sharing with your in-laws in 1951? We've built 50 per cent. more houses than the socialists said was possible. Had we kept to the socialist rate of building, one out of three of you now in your new home would not yet have been rehoused. I'm not suggesting for a moment that the socialists didn't want to build houses. They just didn't go about it efficiently. Which reminds me: eight years ago a very irate gentleman wrote to me and said I ought to drop dead for saying that the Tories had built 300,000 houses. May I perhaps answer him back now by saying that I hope very much he is in the new house he was then waiting for, one of the 2,250,000 new houses built under the Conservatives.

Some of you, of course, want to buy your own home: 750,000 of you in the last eight years have already started doing so. We've let the builders build, and we've made it cheaper for you to buy by cutting the stamp duty three times, and by abolishing it altogether on houses up to £3,500. And we're going to make available £100,000,000 to enable more people to buy their own homes.

Now, what about the slums? The socialists are jolly good at photographing them. They flash them on the pictures, on television; they print them on pamphlets—and that's all they've ever done about the slums. And what have the Conservatives done? Well, we're busy pulling the slums down. Last year we rehoused 205,000 people from slum property. Look for yourselves in any of our great cities today, and see the

vast areas being cleared of slums, encouraged and subsidized by a Conservative Government. We're going to rehouse 1,000,000 more slum dwellers, and press on with our general house-building programme.

I was in the Ministry of Health for five years, so I know something about the Health Service. The socialists tried to do everything at once, with the result that they overran themselves and had to cut the cost and introduce charges. Urgent tasks were neglected, and waiting lists mounted. The number of school dentists, for example, dropped by over 200 under them, and has been increased by over 400 under us. Three million children a year are now being treated under the general dental services—under the socialists it was only 800,000. Sixteen new hospitals are in course of being built, and fifty large schemes of hospital extension and modernization are being carried out. We intend to double our capital expenditure on health in the next five years, expand the service and make it more efficient.

Perhaps one of our greatest reforms is in the new Mental Health Act, which interprets in modern terms the new approach to mental sickness, so that it is no longer an illness with a stigma but one which should be treated with the same sympathy and understanding as any other physical disability.

Now what about the old people? Well, let's get our facts straight. Under the socialists the 26s. retirement pension dropped in value to under £1. The socialists only added 4s., making it 30s. So you were down about 2s. 6d. on the 1946 value. Since we've been in, we've raised pensions and all National Insurance benefits three times; and today the present 50s. pension is worth nearly 11s. more in purchasing power than the 1951 socialist rate. The socialists are now promising to peg pensions to the cost of living—sounds good. But look what would have happened if we had done just that since 1951. The pension would be 40s. today instead of 50s. So far from abusing us for not pegging pensions to the cost of living, they should be praising us for making it ten bob higher. So our promise that pensioners shall continue to share in the good things which increasing prosperity will bring really means something.

Now the socialists' pension scheme and their promise of half-pay on retirement. How old are you? Maybe that seems a rude question. I ask it because you have got to pay for fifty years before fully qualifying for the socialist half-pay pension scheme. Our new pension scheme is based on what we can afford, and it will help all future pensioners. Those on the lowest earnings will pay less than at present but get all existing benefits. The better-paid will be able to earn a higher pension. Above all, the fund will be solvent.

Now about education. No one can have failed to have seen the thousands of fine new schools which have sprung up all over Britain in the country as well as in the towns. But here is someone to speak to you of our future plans. Someone who has devoted a great part of his public life to the interest of young people. I mean, of course, my own boss, the Home Secretary, architect of the 1944 Education Act—Mr. R. A. Butler.

R. A. Butler: To me the word 'home' has feelings of the Home Office, naturally, where we deal with all sorts of subjects, the most im-

portant one of which is law and order. We have many other puzzles which I don't propose to trouble you with tonight. But when we come to the next parliament I am hoping that some of the legislation will in fact be sponsored by those who are in charge at the Home Office. And I hope it will deal with some of the outstanding problems, most of which refer to laws which were brought in in times very different from these—laws relating to our leisure habits; such questions as betting and gaming and so forth. I also hope that we shall deal with some aspects of criminal justice; in particular the best method of dealing with young offenders, and as we all know that is one of the main problems facing our society today. So, you see, when you return us we shall have plenty to do at the Home Office.

But I want to add some other remarks relating to home. I look back to the days of the Education Act, passed in the Coalition Government during war time, and in that we were determined to give equality of opportunity to all children. At the time I said the Act would take about a generation to carry out, and we're now about half way through that generation, so we're going to make a great forward burst in the new parliament, I hope, to deal with the problems of children and young people.

For the children we want to make a reality of secondary education, and the varied opportunities which we foresaw in 1944. We want to take some of the worry and anxiety out of the choice at eleven—what's called the eleven-plus; and of course what we always intended to do, and what I hope will be able to be carried out in the years before us, is to give a really proper choice to children as between the different types of schools. We want different types of schools because children are different one from another. We don't want great comprehensive barracks, universally everywhere. Of course I don't mind seeing experiments. At the time of the passing of the Act we thought there would be experiments in different sorts of schools. But what we want to make quite sure is that the modern schools give children an opportunity to mount up a variety of ladders. I believe we shall be successful in this drive, and one of our means of making it successful is to make better provision for the training of teachers. For unless we have more teachers and give them every encouragement, we cannot hope to reduce the size of classes; and I think now we have a real chance of going forward with that programme.

We not only want to help the children; we want also to help those who want to go to the university, and therefore another feature of our forward drive in education is to make more places available at the university; and I know what importance that is to many members of different families. We also want to encourage the technical colleges, because without encouraging them we shall not be able to keep our place as a trading and commercial nation, nor shall we offer a variety of opportunity to those with technical skill, as well as to those with academic and other forms of schooling.

Now in addition to all this for children and young people, we want to look after their leisure. This means in fact that we want to look after their character, because leisure comes into the making of character as much as work. Therefore we intend to encourage the improvement of the youth service, to have more youth leaders; to



give more opportunities for sport; to look after the arts, and altogether to try to create that right character without which also we cannot be a great nation.

So we have plenty to do in the next parliament, and I hope if we look after the young people we may make life better for them, and politics a nobler thing.—October 1

## Labour

### Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and others (introduced by Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn)

**Anthony Wedgwood Benn:** Our campaign report tonight is all about the record of this Government and the programme of the Labour Party. Abraham Lincoln said a hundred years ago: 'You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time but you can't fool all of the people all of the time'. This election will prove him right. Do you remember the tory poster: 'Mend the hole in your purse'? Well, that hole has got a lot bigger in the last eight years. Cast your mind back to October, 1951.

**Voice:** Good quality rump steak, 3s. a pound.

**Female Voice:** A large loaf, 6d.

**Voice:** Milk, 5½d. a pint.

**Female Voice:** Butter, 2s. 6d. a pound.

**Wedgwood Benn:** It seems a long time ago—doesn't it?—and food prices have changed quite a lot since then.

**Voice:** A family that spent £4 10s. a week on food in 1951 would have to spend nearly £6 15s. today to buy the same quantity of food.

**Voice:** The pound has fallen in value from 20s. in October 1951 to 15s. 4d. today.

**Wedgwood Benn:** For many families the biggest rise has been in rents; this, despite a clear pledge given just before the last general election.

**Voice:** May 12, 1955: the Conservative Central Office stated categorically that there was no truth in a statement made by Mr. Bevan that the tories would increase the rents of 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 homes if returned to power.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Yet next year, with the election safely behind them, the tories cheered Mr. Duncan Sandys at their party conference.

**Voice:** October 11, 1956: Mr. Duncan Sandys announces that it is the policy of the tory Government progressively to abolish rent control altogether.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Within a year the Rent Act had been passed, and as a result:

**Voice:** Rents have been decontrolled for 800,000 houses and the landlords have been permitted to raise rents for nearly 5,000,000 more.

**Wedgwood Benn:** In this election they're hoping to fool us once more.

**Voice:** 1959: Conservative Central Office announced that 'In the next parliament we shall take no further action to decontrol rents'.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Now let's look overseas. To Cyprus, to the day when Archbishop Makarios returned in triumph to the island from which he had been deported. His arrival marked the end of five futile years of bloodshed; it finished with the settlement the Government could have made at the very beginning of this long struggle. 1954:

**Voice:** Henry Hopkinson, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, speaking about Cyprus, said: 'It can never expect to be fully independent'.

**Wedgwood Benn:** 1955:

**Voice:** 'There is no prospect of any change in the sovereignty of Cyprus in the foreseeable future'—Harold Macmillan.

**Wedgwood Benn:** 1956:

**Voice:** The exercise of self-determination in such a mixed population must include partition among the eventual options'—Alan Lennox Boyd.

**Wedgwood Benn:** 1957:

**Voice:** 'We cannot, in present circumstances, contemplate the application of self-determination'—John Profumo, Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

**Wedgwood Benn:** 1958:

**Voice:** 'Immediate independence for Cyprus would be disastrous'—Commander Noble, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Yet in 1959 Mr. Harold Macmillan suddenly capitulated, and the Cabinet agreed to a settlement that will give independence and sovereignty to the people of Cyprus. But at what cost?

**Voice:** This policy cost 142 British lives, and 366 Cypriot lives. And in terms of money the emergency ran into tens of millions of pounds.

**Wedgwood Benn:** This same stupidity characterized the tory policy of forcing federation in Central Africa. It has lost them the confidence of the African people.

**Voice:** The Devlin Commission reported that Nyasaland has been turned into a 'police state'.

**Wedgwood Benn:** And Mr. Macmillan appointed the Devlin Commission himself.

**Voice:** And in Kenya, at the Hola Detention Camp, eleven men were clubbed to death. The day after, the Kenya Government stated that they had died after drinking water from a water cart. Later it was found that, together with others who were admitted to hospital, they were the victims of brutal attempts to force them to work. No charges of murder were brought and no Minister resigned.

**Wedgwood Benn:** Next—Suez, and the British attack on Egypt.

**Voice:** Sir Anthony Eden said that we were protecting a vital international waterway.

**Voice:** In fact, the tory attack on Egypt blocked the Suez Canal for weeks.

**Voice:** Mr. Macmillan said that we did it to keep Russia out of the Middle East.

**Voice:** In fact, the tory attack on Egypt made the Arabs believe that Russia was their only friends.

**Voice:** Mr. Selwyn Lloyd said that there was an imminent threat to our nationals.

**Voice:** In fact, the tory attack on Egypt forced hundreds of British subjects to leave their homes and businesses and escape from Cairo.

**Voice:** Sir Anthony Eden said that the action was an essential condition for a United Nations force to come into the Canal Zone itself.

**Voice:** In fact, when the United Nations resolution calling on member-nations to refrain from the use of force was passed, the tory Government vetoed it.

**Voice:** Harold Macmillan said that we had perhaps stopped a third world war.

**Voice:** In fact, the tory attack on Egypt nearly started one.

**Wedgwood Benn:** As Randolph Churchill has written in his book, *The Rise and Fall of Sir Anthony Eden*:

**Voice:** 'If we had known with what ineptitude the campaign had been planned, if we had detected the inherent fraudulence of the Anglo-French ultimatum, if we had known of the Government's miscalculations about American reactions, if we had perceived that because of these miscalculations the enterprise would have to be abandoned in thirty-six hours' . . .

**Wedgwood Benn:** 'If we had known all these things'—Mr. Churchill says many who like himself applauded the action on the day, might have adopted a very different line. No wonder the Commonwealth wasn't informed; no wonder our American friends were kept in the dark. The responsibility rests upon the Inner Cabinet of that time, and now that Eden has retired, Macmillan and Lloyd remain as the architects of an operation unique in British history for its combination of dishonesty and inefficiency.

**Voice:** The chief sufferer of course, was Britain—the cost was 650 British and Egyptian lives and £328,000,000.

**Wedgwood Benn:** At home the tories have made promises before an election and they have broken them afterwards.

**Voice:** In 1955 they promised full employment.

**Female Voice:** In 1958 and 1959 unemployment has been higher than at any time since the war.

**Voice:** In 1955 Mr. Butler cut taxation five weeks before the election.

**Female Voice:** Five months later he imposed taxes which hit the housewife.

**Voice:** In 1955 they promised a great drive to improve educational facilities.

**Female Voice:** Today two in five children are in overcrowded classes.

**Wedgwood Benn:** The lesson is, of course, that we cannot trust the Conservatives. The British people must not be fooled again. In six days from now we can have a Labour Government again under the leadership of Hugh Gaitskell. He has carried his campaign to the people and has met with a tremendous response everywhere that he's been. This morning I went up to Liverpool to see him, and before he left on his day's tour of Yorkshire he had this to say:

**Hugh Gaitskell:** The interesting thing about this election is that it's being fought on the Labour Programme. One hears almost nothing about the Conservative Manifesto, and it's not hard to see why—there's very little in it. On the other hand, we have said as clearly as possible what we intend to do. We think people have the right to know about this so that they can think it over and choose calmly and rationally.

We did the same thing in 1945, when we pledged ourselves to rebuild British industry after the war and establish the Welfare State. And then we did what we said we would do: we got the country out of what even Mr. Churchill admitted was a bankrupt condition. Production and exports rose fast. It wasn't easy and we had to do a lot of unpopular things; but, despite the difficulties, we created the Welfare State at the same time. We kept our promises then, and we shall keep them this time, too.

Our proposal now is to push through some urgently needed social reforms, while increas-



ing the wealth of the country year by year. Of course, this aim of increasing wealth isn't really in dispute in the election. All parties say, for instance, that we can and should double our standard of living in twenty-five years. To be sure, we say that under the Tories the present rate of expansion has been much too slow and that it could be much faster, as in other industrial countries. But, leaving that alone, there's really no dispute that the aim can and should be achieved, even if we differ about who can do it and how to do it.

So the argument really becomes more about the use to be made of the growing wealth. Now, some people say that the whole of it should be kept for their own personal individual pleasure and enjoyment. This would mean that, as the tax revenue rises automatically, it would all have to be given back in tax cuts. Well, it's quite an attractive proposition, and a lot of Conservatives would certainly take the view that this is the thing to be done. But we don't agree. We say that the country as a whole has some obligations which must also be fulfilled, and some of these are pretty urgent. We believe that we must first help those who are in hardship and distress today; that's why we want to raise the pension and the other insurance benefits. It's a moral challenge we can't dodge, and all of us who are still at work know that this is right.

We say, too, that, again out of the growing wealth, we must see to it that every family has a decent home, and that by building more council houses we must get rid of the slums and overcrowding, which make it almost impossible for people living in them to enjoy a happy family life. And there's another obligation which can't be overlooked—to the young and to the future—so we've mapped out a big programme for educational expansion.

Now this doesn't mean that the whole of the growing revenue will be used for this kind of thing. There should be something quite substantial over for tax reductions where the shoe pinches most, as our wealth grows year by year. We haven't said much about priorities here, except that we think it's time that purchase tax came off the necessities of life and was confined to luxuries. And, incidentally, this will be all the easier if we change the tax system round a bit, by taxing those who escape their fair share today on things like capital profits and through expense allowances.

So our programme is a balanced one. But if I were to give it a title I would describe it as a 'Good Neighbour' programme. And that's also the essence of our attitude on foreign affairs. There's nothing new about this, as far as we're concerned. All our history we've taken the view that we must get away in the world from the old international anarchy which always ends in war. And we must try to set up a system of law and order. And we've always taken the view that, however difficult it may be, there's one thing we can do towards it, and that is to be good neighbours ourselves in our relations with other countries: by standing by our obligations under the United Nations, trying to settle all disputes peacefully; never using force, except in self-defence; and that's why, whatever you may say about the Labour Party, we would never, never have conceivably committed the stupid aggression at Suez.

It's much the same in colonial affairs. While

the Tories were still dreaming of the nineteenth-century empire, we were working to build out of it a new modern Commonwealth of free, independent nations, and we're proud of the part we played in bringing this about. It's one of the most astonishing achievements of our time, but it's not yet completed and the next stage will be difficult—bringing our remaining African colonies to real democracy and self-government. There's an explosive situation there, partly because of the small minority of European settlers. Well, we want them to live in harmony and friendship with the Africans, but we can't allow talk of partnership to become a kind of alibi for white supremacy, or an excuse for refusing Africans the right to govern themselves. I believe we are best fitted to deal with this problem because by our whole tradition and ideals we stand for freedom for former subject peoples and because we are so totally opposed to the idea of dividing the world into first- and second-class citizens, according to the colour of their skin. I think it's these things which will enable us to restore the confidence of the African people in British justice and British fair play. And, believe me, unless this is done, disaster and shame lie ahead.

A friend the other day described us as 'the party of conscience and reform'. That also puts it very well. I'd only add one other thing—we are also the party of confidence; confidence in the future of Britain; confidence that we can work together to create the growing wealth that is needed; confidence that by our bearing to one another and our attitude to other people we can best win the respect and friendship of the world.—October 3

### Conservative

Lord Hailsham

Mr. Harold Watkinson

Mr. Reginald Maudling

(introduced by

Mr. Geoffrey Johnson Smith)

**Geoffrey Johnson Smith:** In exactly forty-seven hours, forty-five minutes the polling stations will close. The noise and confusion will die away. You'll have had your chance to record your vote. Perhaps, though, even at this late hour, you haven't yet made up your mind—you're one of the 'don't knows.' Well, what has this Election really been about? What has been going on behind the argument and counter-argument; the promises and the charges?

A lot of issues have been raised: cost of living, standard of living; employment, pensions, nationalization of firms, municipalization of houses, who is to represent Britain at the Summit, taxes on, or off.

All these things are important; they are issues, and no wonder some people have got confused by the number of them and the contradictions. But the decision you have to make during the next forty-eight hours is a broader one, and I ask Lord Hailsham to put it to you now:

**Lord Hailsham:** Well, it's for you to choose. And it means a choice both at home and abroad. Who'll be the best to represent this country in

the strenuous but hopeful negotiations for peace and disarmament which lie ahead—Macmillan, the man who's done so much to bring about the new atmosphere of negotiation, rather than ultimatum, and who's backed by a united party? Or, Gaitskell—whose party is deeply divided on every major issue of foreign affairs and defence? And whose policy, we believe, would disrupt Nato, undermine our relations with our friends and throw Asia and Africa into confusion?

At home, you've got to choose between carrying forward the sound policies which have enabled us all to earn such widespread prosperity, or going back, to nationalization and controls, and the restrictions and frustrations of socialism.

You see, the policies that we put to the nation now are not—like Mr. Gaitskell's purchase tax pledge—things produced suddenly in the middle of the Election campaign. They're the carefully worked out continuation of what we've been doing, and doing with quite a lot of success, for the past eight years, bringing into being a new Britain fit to take its place in the scientific age.

In the next five years we've got to get on with this. But it all depends on confidence; confidence in our money, confidence in one another, confidence in the future. And all that depends, in turn, on the self-discipline of a really honest economic policy.

**Johnson Smith:** An honest economic policy. And to explain just what that means, I'm going to turn to Reginald Maudling, a Cabinet Minister and one of the Government's economic experts:

**Reginald Maudling:** It means, above all, a policy that gives the world confidence in the pound, and that has never been higher. That is the world's judgment of Britain's prospects and of our policies. We must keep it that way. If the world loses confidence in the pound, how can we pay for the food that comes to our tables from the four corners of the earth, or the wool, the cotton, the rubber, on which our jobs depend?

British industry, commerce and agriculture are thriving under a Conservative Government, and as a result we are all living better. We have maintained full employment. We have improved and extended the social services so that all may share in this growing prosperity. For more than a year now prices have been steady. That is why the world has such confidence in Conservative Britain.

Our record over eight years shows that Conservative policies of freedom, incentive and lower taxes have worked, and worked well. They are working still, and we intend to continue them.

But not so our opponents. With them it's back to inflation, back to controls. Time and again in this Election we have asked them what controls they mean, but they haven't dared to answer. They know it would mean disaster for them if they did. They pretend all they mean to control is factory building—that's a strange policy for a party whose cry is expansion at any price. But make no mistake about this. If these key controls that Mr. Gaitskell boasts about are to have any real effect, then the gentleman in Whitehall must stretch his long fingers down into every factory and every farm, every business and every shopping basket.

The Labour Party have produced a range of promises so expensive that to fulfil them all



would undermine our national finances. They have neither counted the cost nor thought where the money comes from. How could the strength of the pound be maintained with such a Party in power? As one leading socialist himself has said, the effect of a Labour Government would be to send the national reserves of gold and dollars pouring out of the country in a torrent.

Our great advance in living standards and social welfare is earned by the achievement of the men and women who work in British industry, commerce and agriculture. But your efforts will only bear their full fruit under a Conservative Government whose policy is freedom, opportunity and lower taxes. Under a Labour Government that reimposed controls and vicious taxation, all would be frustrated and deranged.

**Johnson Smith:** That was Reginald Maudling. And as he says, it's no good talking about expanding our social services and providing more for the old and building more hospitals and schools and so on, unless you have this sort of sound economy.

**Lord Hailsham:** It's this that's the foundation of our plans for the next five years. We mean to bring real secondary education to all the children of this country. We're going to expand the universities, we're going to provide more teachers, and better teacher-training and bring down the size of classes. We've got a road programme, already the biggest ever, but which we intend to double. A hospital programme, already bigger than ever before, we also intend to double. Already we're going ahead with slum clearance—205,000 people last year—and over the next five years we intend to rehouse 1,000,000 from the slums. Yes, and we haven't forgotten the old, and we shan't forget them either. Three times we've put up their pension. It's worth more now than ever before, and we shall ensure that the old people continue to have a share in rising standards of life.

But we couldn't possibly achieve any of this with socialist policies pressing down on top of us. They say they want expansion, too. But they kill expansion—their policies would kill expansion with inflation.

**Johnson Smith:** And here to tell you exactly why is Harold Watkinson, another Cabinet Minister.

**Harold Watkinson:** Most of us like Conservative prosperity. Perhaps some of us think that whatever kind of government we have on Friday it will still go on. The hard fact is that if you have a Labour Government on Friday it can't go on at all. You can't have Conservative free enterprise, prosperity and full employment under the Labour Party's socialist plans to nationalize and control British industry.

That's why every Labour candidate has tried not to mention nationalization. Yet however much they hush it up, more nationalization is one of the first things they'd do. They're pledged to take over the steel and road haulage industries at once, with a threat to six hundred more firms to follow. This crazy business of turning trade and industry upside down certainly won't help expansion at home. But it's much more dangerous than that. Nationalization will put prices up and efficiency down. That means that it will harm our export trade, and, if exports fall, all our prosperity and all our jobs are threatened.

Our plans for the future are quite different. No more nationalization and for those industries which remain state-owned, our view is that three thousand diesel locos on the railways and new jets for the airlines are a better answer than more political interference. But prosperity really depends on stimulating private enterprise, because it's the private enterprise firms that earn us our keep in the competitive markets of the world.

We're ready now to spurt ahead again with increased exports, balancing expansion at home. By this means we shall get expansion without inflation and by building on our success in keeping prices stable, we can all achieve a steady increase in true prosperity. This will mean wages and salaries that buy more goods, not less. This will mean full employment, guaranteed by a growing export trade. So, don't chuck a socialist spanner into the works. We're ready to open the throttle still more, if you give us your support on Thursday.

**Johnson Smith:** And there's one further point that Harold Watkinson hasn't mentioned that I should like to. And that is the socialist plan to municipalize—that is for local councils to take over 4-5,000,000 privately rented houses. That will mean higher rents, higher rates, and higher taxes. And, what's more, in many areas the local council will be the only landlord. I can't believe that that is what you want.

**Lord Hailsham:** Well, voters there are only forty-seven hours and thirty-six minutes left now. For eight years we've been trying to build a better Britain. Don't cast it all away on Thursday.

We've set the people free. That was our first aim and it's been done. Eight years ago we lived in a world of crippling taxation, rationing, and controls. But that's all gone, with the black markets and the spivs that went with it.

Our second aim was to create a property-owning democracy, and you can see that that's coming true all round you, too. It isn't just a question of people owning their own homes, although there's been a great deal more of that, of course. It's the things they put into the homes and into the shopping baskets—the furniture, the clothes; the machines to ease the burden on the housewife. It's the money in the savings bank. It's the opportunity of building an independent and satisfying life for ourselves and our children. You see, we believe that the good things of life aren't just the playthings of the rich, the privilege of the few, but part of the general way of life in a scientific age, to be enjoyed by ordinary men and women in a go-ahead society.

Our third aim, first proclaimed five years ago, is to double the standard of life in twenty-five years, and, you know, we're well on the way to that.

But now we come to the fourth part of our plan, and that's contained in our manifesto for this Election. The essence of this fourth part is that we should now put on a new spurt to keep our country go-ahead, prosperous, and progressive. I've spoken of some of our plans tonight. If we are to pay for all of them we can't afford to ruin our economy and squander our resources on wildcat experiments in socialism.

That's why the cost of the Labour proposals has become an important issue in this Election. If they're inflationary, as we believe, they can only drag us back to rising prices and can only

endanger the export trade on which all our prosperity and all our jobs depend.

Perhaps you've heard too many arguments about this in recent weeks. Still I'm going to quote you just one more. It's the judgment of the well-known economist, Oscar Hobson, writing last week in the *News Chronicle*. After analysing the cost of the socialist programme and their plans for paying for it, this is his conclusion: 'The Labour leaders who are concocting this sort of brew, and calling it a budget, are supping with the devil, inflation. They need a much longer spoon than they've got'.

There's just one last thing I want to say. We've spoken to you a good deal tonight about material things. But we don't rest our case on material claims alone. Our moral standards are those of Western Christendom, honour, integrity, generosity, peace. But we've got to be prosperous if we are to carry out our aim of helping our neighbours elsewhere in the world—neighbours who are often less fortunate than ourselves. And we've got to be economically strong if we are to play our full part in working for peace and friendship.

And this is the summing up of the whole matter. There are some things which mean everything to us all. Peace in the world, the unity and prosperity of our nation, the future of our children.

Don't cast away the fruits of eight years, but go to the polls on Thursday reminding yourselves and one another of something that's true. Life is better with the Conservatives. And the Labour Party *would* ruin it, if you gave them the chance.—October 6

## Consecration

I came with my beasts  
And I left them at the door,  
The fox for my tooth  
And the cat for my claw.

I left them at the door  
And I only took within  
A lily for my death  
And an apple for my sin.

With the fox and the cat  
I had travelled far and wide,  
But the apple and the lily  
Were all I took inside.

I found the table laden  
With flower, fruit and fish,  
I took my little apple  
and laid it on a dish.

I quietly left the lily  
To sweeten the cold air,  
And the chill winds of Heaven  
Blew softly through my hair.

Then I closed the door behind me  
Came down into the street,  
And the fox... and the cat...  
Were running at my feet.

BERYL KAYE



# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

September 30—October 6

## Wednesday, September 30

About 20,000 men at car factories in the Midlands are laid off owing to the unofficial strike at plants of British Oxygen Gases. The General Council of the Trades Union Congress condemns the strike

Mr. Khrushchev arrives in Peking

London's first fly-over road link is opened at Chiswick by Miss Jayne Mansfield

## Thursday, October 1

B.O.A.C. says that the Comet IV airliner has been largely responsible for a 40 per cent. increase in its trans-Atlantic passenger traffic this summer

Egypt announces that she will allow foreign archaeologists to take away valuable finds in return for help in saving Nubian temples before they are submerged by the waters of the new Aswan Dam

## Friday, October 2

British Oxygen strike spreads after the men reject an appeal by their union to return to work

It is announced that the sterling area's gold reserves rose again in September for the fourth month in succession

In Tunis the Algerian rebel movement welcomes President Bourguiba's offer of mediation in the Algerian war

## Saturday, October 3

Mr. Dahanayake, the new Prime Minister of Ceylon, says he has been receiving anonymous letters threatening him with assassination

Summer Time ends: temperatures rise to the eighties in some parts of Britain

Damage caused by a fire at the A. V. Roe aircraft factory near Manchester is estimated at nearly £2,000,000

## Sunday, October 4

The Russians launch a rocket aimed at photographing the side of the moon not visible from the earth

Mr. Nehru tells the Chinese that talks on the dispute over the Sino-Indian boundary could not succeed unless they first evacuated the frontier posts they took over

The continuing drought threatens to cause unemployment in some industrial areas

## Monday, October 5

Strikers at British Oxygen plants decide to return to work

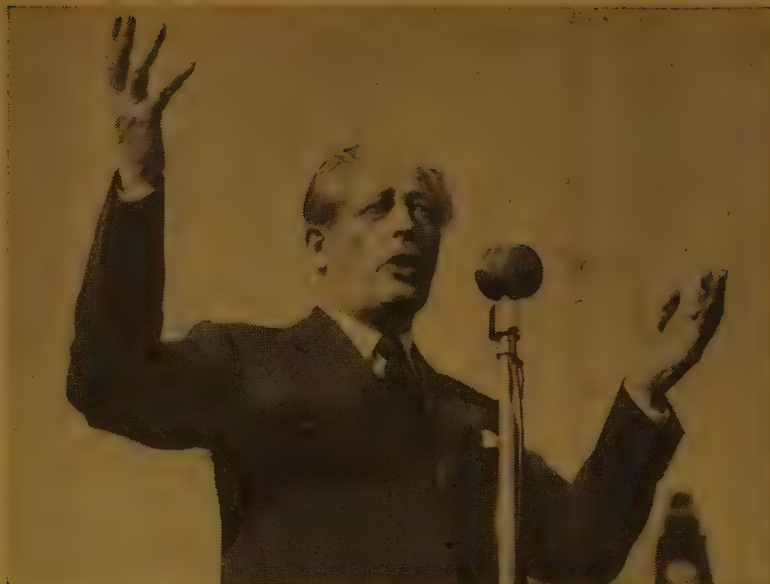
It is confirmed in Washington that since Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States, American broadcasts to Russia have not been jammed

Six valuable paintings stolen three weeks ago from the Toronto Art Gallery are recovered from a garage in the city

## Tuesday, October 6

Home Secretary refers the Podola case to the Court of Criminal Appeal; the date fixed for Podola's execution is cancelled

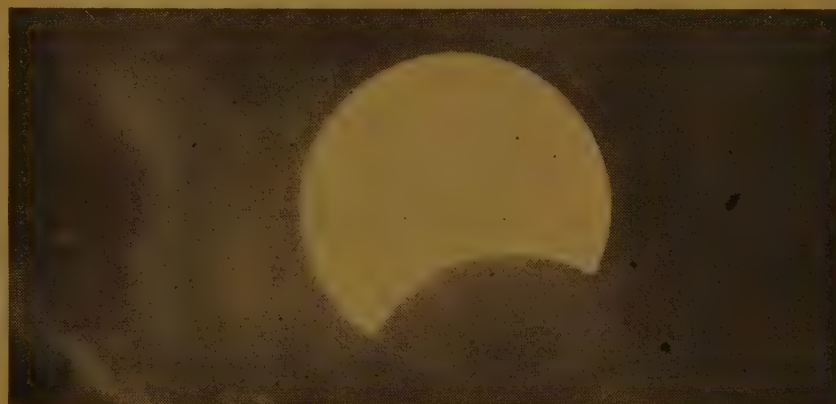
300,000 people reported homeless through floods in West Bengal



The leaders of the three main parties speaking last week during the closing stages of the campaign for today's general election: the Prime Minister addressing a meeting at Greenford, Middlesex—



—Mr. Jo Grimond, Leader of the Liberal Club in London, and, right, Gaitskell, Leader of the Labour Party, at a meeting in Manchester



A partial eclipse of the sun which was visible in many parts of Britain on October 2. The eclipse was total along an area 140 miles wide, stretching from the eastern United States to the Sahara and Indian Ocean



Local people helping to fight a serious heath fire caused by the prolonged dry weather at Eastmoor, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, early last week. Right, not nice weather for ducks: the village pond at Wrae Green, Lancashire, which has dried up, it is said, for the first time in living memory



Part of the large queue on September 30 to file







who waited outside the House of Representatives in Colombo of Mr. Solomon Bandaranaike, the former Prime Minister of who was assassinated on September 25



The funeral procession of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, who was Chief of the Imperial General Staff at the beginning of the last war, on its way to Westminster Abbey on September 30



Survivors of the recent typhoon in Japan which killed about 2,000 people, salvaging personal belongings (including a television set) in a street in Nagoya



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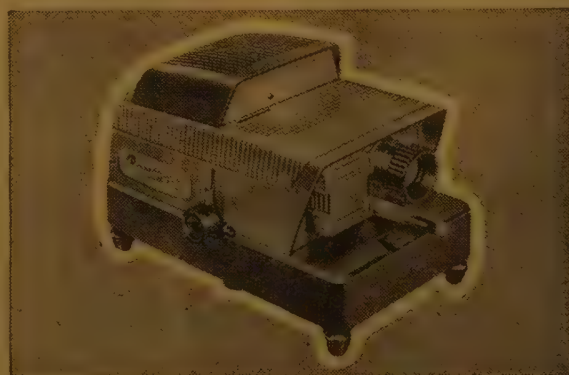
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# Galaxy of Ghosts

By D. C. HORTON

**A**RE you one of those people who worry about ghosts and are disturbed by the supernatural? Or are you perhaps not very sensitive to the atmosphere which surrounds some people and some places? It is only recently that I have thought it odd that the spirit world has made its presence felt in most of the localities in which I have been. It all started in India (where I was born), a land of hauntings and psychic phenomena if ever there was one, where buildings, trees, and other things often have their familiar spirits. In Calcutta our house was at the end of an unfinished road not far from the jungle where the jackals howled at night. That was sufficiently eerie in itself: the sound is very mournful and the villagers there use to say that the jackals were calling to the souls of the dead.

## Shots in the Night

Further down the road towards the town there were some old houses set back in fine grounds, built when Victoria was on the throne. Their rather faded magnificence gave a pleasing feeling of nostalgia, especially at dusk, and from the verandah of the room in our house where we slept, my brother and I often looked down the road and speculated on the lives of the people living there. One night I was startled awake by loud reports, as though somebody was firing shots, then there was the noise of carriage wheels and shouts and a piercing scream. That was too much for me and I woke my brother. He had heard nothing, and he calmed me down and eventually we went to sleep again.

The experience had been so vivid that next morning I told my father the story and asked if he had heard anything. He listened quietly, and I noticed that he and my mother looked at each other sharply several times while I was speaking.

'It's the right date, George', said my mother when I had finished.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

Then my father told me. The year before, on the same date and at about the same time, he and my mother had been woken by noises exactly like those that I had heard. By chance my father had mentioned the occurrence to some friends of his who were familiar with the early history of that part of Calcutta. They had looked up the early records of the town. To their amazement they found that some thirty years before a ball had been given in one of the houses down the road, and that two men who were rival suitors for the hand of a girl had met there. Tempers had flared and the girl had chosen to go home with one of the men in his carriage. The other man had pursued them in another carriage and had fired at them and the shot had killed the girl. Since then the records showed that at irregular intervals the final tragic scene had been heard as it must have taken place originally. No one could explain why it did not happen more regularly, and I do not know whether it still happens or not, but that was my first contact with the supernatural.

We all left India in 1921 and settled in England, with no intention of going back, but in 1923 unforeseen events compelled my father to return. Before we left India, father had paid off all his servants, some of whom had been with him for a very long time. His return was not known to anyone, least of all to his old servants, but when he landed on the wharf at Calcutta there was his personal servant, Jugoo, waiting for him. During the next few months father often asked Jugoo how he had known the time and date of his return, but all Jugoo would say was that he had known my father very well for many years and so, of course, he always knew where he was and what he was doing. Jugoo could neither read nor write, and if ever there was a case of sympathetic foreknowledge that was one.

In England we lived for some years in Worthing, and even there we were not free from the spirit world. Ours was quite an ordinary semi-detached house, and we were not troubled by any strange occurrences until the second year we were there. Then, suddenly, one afternoon the cook ran screaming out of the kitchen. It took some time to calm her, but eventually she told us that she had seen the shadowy figure of a man coming towards her that it had gone through the wall dividing our house from the next one. We told her she had been imagining things, but a few days later we were not so sure.

## The Chair that Moved

In the hall beside a grandfather clock there was an old carved chair, and one morning we found it out in the middle of the hall. It was put back in its place, and no one thought any more about it. But the same thing happened the next three nights, and both my father and mother heard shuffling, dragging noises on the stairs and in the hall. After that everything reverted to normal, but my father's curiosity was aroused and he went along to the library and did some research. He discovered that, some hundred years before, the site on which our house stood had been an open field with a public footpath going across it. One evening in the summer a murder had been committed there. The victim was a chair mender who was carrying with him a chair that he had just mended. There was no way of knowing whether the strange happenings in our house were connected with the murder, but it was an odd coincidence.

We moved from that house shortly afterwards, and life took hold of me so that some years later I found myself in the Solomon Islands in the western Pacific. There the people were very primitive; what is supernatural to us is part and parcel of their daily lives. They believed that after death the spirit of the dead person (if he had lived a good life) went first to one of the islands of the dead—such as Malapa in Marau Sound at the south end of Guadalcanal—then, after a period of probation, the spirit would return to be near its own family. Sometimes an especially deserving member of their clan would

find himself possessed of that spirit and so able to do many miraculous things, such as prophesying or healing the sick, or even causing illness or death.

On one occasion I was the subject of prophecy, an accurate prophecy, by the soothsayer who lived on the island of Malapa. He foretold in 1940 that I should be near to death three times in the next year.

When I transferred to Malaya after the war it was soon borne in on me that the land and its varied people—Malays, Chinese, Indians, Eurasians, and others—had a strong belief in mysticism and the supernatural—much more so in fact than the primitive Solomons. The enemy occupation had also added its quota of haunted places. On one occasion I was posted to Kuala Selangor in the Federation of Malaya and found myself in a historic place, notorious for what one might call the 'presences' which lived on Kuala Selangor Hill. The houses on the hill had been occupied during the war, and one of the oddest experiences up there happened to the wife of the police officer.

She was sitting in her bungalow one evening, waiting for her husband to return from work, when she heard steps coming up the hill path. They came nearer and nearer, and sounded as though they were being made by heavy boots. She thought at first that it was one of the constables coming up with a message. Then the steps came to the house and on to the verandah; she looked up but there was nothing there. The steps came slowly past her down the verandah across the dining room and into the kitchen, where they stopped. For a while she dared not move; then, plucking up her courage, she went over to the kitchen. There was no one there. The only explanation that anyone could put forward was that a Japanese officer had lived there in the occupation and had been in the habit of climbing the path at about that time.

## The Elephant and the Railway Engine

However, the spirits, or *hantus*, as they were called in Malay, were not always of human beings, and in Lower Perak district there were two non-human hauntings of which I had experience. Near the town of Telok Anson, where I lived, on the railway there was a notice board commemorating a battle between a bull elephant protecting its herd and a railway engine. The elephant had been killed, but the railway engine was never the same again; and one evening I was solemnly assured by the people living nearby that the trumpeting I heard was made by the bull elephant. Certainly there were no elephants about at the time.

The second non-human haunting I ran into happened in the jungle. Lower Perak district was large, and its main artery was the Perak river which runs through thick forest. Its banks have been settled by the Malays from time immemorial, and the only way to see some of their remote villages to the west of the river was to walk through the forest and swamps. One day



I set out to walk some twenty-five miles to see the distant villages in that area, eventually circling back to the river where next day a boat would take me back to Telok Anson, which was the district headquarters. There were two Malay guides and a few others who had come for the walk.

As usual in the jungle we were soon wet through and providing a feast for the leeches which came galloping towards us from every direction. By early afternoon we had seen two villages, heard many tales, and discussed life and its problems with the people. We were gradually circling eastwards towards the river and the village of Kampong Gajah—the Village of the Elephants. The forest grew thicker and the ground swampy, and the guides who were normally talkative were silent. Presently we came to a large mud hole in which the mud came up in sinister whorls and large unpleasant bubbles broke on the oily surface.

'Many elephants have died here, sir', said Suleiman, the head guide.

'How?' I asked.

'They come to wallow in the mud and then sink down and cannot get out again. This hole is connected with the river in some way and the mud is never still. Look, sir, there are some bones'.

I looked and, sure enough, some enormous bones were churned up, rolled over, and sank. Hussein, the other guide, said: 'The people of the villages are often frightened by the noises of the ghost elephants. They come in the evening and always there are three trumpeting



before they come. It is true, you will see'.

'How do you know that they aren't real elephants?' I asked. 'There are plenty of them round here'.

'Because Hamid here shot at one once and the shot went right through it and hit a tree—there wasn't any elephant there'.

We came to Kampong Gajah just before sunset, and it was wonderful to be able to sit down and relax after the day's work. We ate a meal and then I was glad to get right under my mosquito net and drift off to sleep listening to the swift rush of the river nearby. I was woken by an urgent hand on my shoulder, and I grabbed automatically for my rifle. The country was still disturbed following the war, and there were plenty of desperadoes about.

'Sir—wake up—wake up'. It was Hamid's voice. 'The ghost elephants have come'.

Sleepily shivering in the night chill I tumbled out of my bed and, pulling on some clothes, followed Hamid down the verandah of the house. As I did so there were three shrill trumpeting from the forest—the kind of noise an elephant makes when he is in trouble.

'Look!' Hamid pointed across the clearing. There was moonlight filtering down through the leaves, and along both sides of the river danced and weaved the flickering light of the fireflies in their millions. At first I could not see anything, and then amongst the trees, grey and black in the moonlight, I made out the shapes of three elephants. They seemed to appear and reappear without the slightest sound, and through their shapes I thought I

could see the trunks of trees. Hamid was staring intently.

'You see, sir?' he asked, 'you see?'

Yes, I did see. A few minutes later a cloud went across the moon, and when the light came again the elephants had gone.

Next morning the whole weird affair seemed to have been a dream. Was it possible, I said to the headman and the people of the village, that what they thought were the elephants were really moonlight and shadows and the wind moving the branches of the trees. The headman looked at me oddly. 'Come, sir', he said, and led me to where we had seen the elephants. Silently he pointed, and there, deep in the mud, were the enormous footprints of several elephants.—*Home Service*

## A Riddle of British History

ALBERT MAKINSON on the lost site of a great battle

**T**HERE is nothing so fascinating as a historical mystery. Since it is historical, there must be a solution; yet the problem remains unsolved. There are theories galore about what exactly happened to the Princes in the Tower, or who wrote Shakespeare's plays. The delight of these theories is that every explanation, although it seems entirely convincing when one is reading it, just falls short of the absolute proof that is needed to overcome all the rival solutions. Once the thing is solved, the interest goes, until somebody comes along with a different solution. One of the most fascinating problems of British history still apparently insoluble is that of the battle of Brunanburh; and I do not think there will ever be a solution to this one: at least, there are plenty of solutions, but I do not think there will ever be one that everybody will accept.

The battle of Brunanburh was fought more than 1,000 years ago, in the year 937. On one side were the English, the Anglo-Saxons under their king Athelstan and his fifteen-year-old brother Edmund; on the other was a combina-

tion of Celtic and Norse armies, an alliance of the Kings of Scotland and British Strathclyde with Anlaf of Dublin, King of the Norsemen who had settled along the eastern shores of Ireland.

Athelstan, grandson of Alfred the Great, had established suzerainty not only over the whole of England but over the rest of the island as well. He was in fact King of Great Britain; but parts of Britain accepted his kingship only under duress. In 934 he had had to invade and harry Scotland. Now, it seems, the King of Scotland, Constantine, had decided upon revenge, for it was he who organized the combination against Athelstan. This should have defeated the English and destroyed Athelstan's lordship over Britain: it did not. One historian has said that this battle finally decided whether the Anglo-Saxons or the Celts were to be the dominant partners in the island. So Brunanburh, though it wrought no change in the government of the country, was a decisive battle, perhaps even as important as the battle of Hastings. It would be fascinating to examine the battlefield,

to work out the tactics that led to Athelstan's victory with an army that seems to have been smaller than that of his enemies.

But Brunanburh is a place that one cannot visit. The name is Anglo-Saxon, and the passage of time has changed it: but to what? That we do not know, though it is not for want of trying. There have been many attempts to identify the site, so many indeed that every new one adds to the confusion, because most new attempts decide on new sites. Naturally, if one is trying to identify a particular place, the fewer there are to pick from, the easier is one's task. Yet all the past attempts at identification usually seem unsatisfactory—except to their authors—and the diligent seeker usually ends by finding a new site of his own. It is widely agreed that the battle took place in the north, and it is as well to start from that premiss, though it must be added that sites as far south as Banbury in Oxfordshire, and even Axminster in Devonshire, have been suggested.

In the north alone there is still a very wide choice—in Dumfriesshire: Birrenswark (or Burns-



ark); in Northumberland: Brunton, Brunford, Bromridge, and Brinkburn; in Lancashire: Burnley, Bamber Bridge, Middleton-in-Lonsdale; in Yorkshire: Brinsworth (near Rotherham), Aldborough, Kirkburn, Boroughbridge, and Market Weighton; in Lincolnshire: Burnham, or Bourne; in Cheshire: Bromborough—and those are by no means all.

The principal source of information about the battle is the entry for the year 937 in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. Other chronicles and collections of annals mention it, but there can be no doubt that the writer of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* wrote nearest in time to the event, and that he realized its importance. Indeed, he was so moved by this stirring victory that he abandoned his usual matter-of-fact prose and wrote his account of the battle in verse. If anyone knew where Brunanburh was, this chronicler did: but he took it for granted that everyone else knew too.

His account of the battle begins with praise for the royal brothers, Athelstan and Edmund. The battle lasted all day, from sunrise to sunset, until the ground grew dark with blood, and the dead covered the field. Constantine, 'hoar-headed warrior', fled northwards to his kingdom, leaving his young son 'on the fatal field, wounded and grounded'. Anlaf and his Norsemen, leaving five young kings and seven earls dead on the field, fled to their ships, and launched them hurriedly. Some of the Norse ships were on 'Dingsmere', a place as impossible to identify as Brunanburh.

When victor and vanquished had departed,

They left behind them corpses for food for  
The dark-coated one, black-swarthy raven  
With horny beak, and the dun-coated  
White-tailed eagle. To enjoy the food  
Hungred the battle-hawk and that grey beast,  
The wolf of the woodland.

Magnificent battle poetry as it is, the poem does not help much in identifying the site. What other information is there? A later chronicler, William of Malmesbury, says that the invaders penetrated far into England, and the poem mentions that the Scottish king fled northwards to his kingdom. This seems to rule out the site which was the 'favourite' about fifty years ago: Burnswark in Dumfriesshire. Indeed, if so mighty an alliance got no further than that it was remarkably ineffectual.

On the other hand, they are not likely to have penetrated into the old kingdom of Mercia. The northern boundary of Mercia had been fortified strongly during the previous reign, and Brunanburh may well have been one of the line of forts built there. The site probably was well into Yorkshire or Lancashire, because such an aggressive alliance as this was can be assumed to have made all the headway possible while Athelstan was mustering his forces and marching northwards to meet them.

Now, the solution should be simple. A Scottish army and Irish army in alliance would be expected to join forces on the western side of the country. But here we encounter a great difficulty. Writing 150 years later, Florence of Worcester, usually a reliable historian, mentions that Anlaf's fleet, of 615 ships, landed in the Humber. This has been the big stumbling block in locating the battlefield. One can divide the

theorists about the battle into two opposing camps: those who ignore Florence of Worcester and insist that the battle must have been fought in the west, and those who believe him and think it must have been in the east.

It is tempting to ignore Florence of Worcester: his evidence is inconvenient. But it is wrong to ignore an authority just because it happens to be inconvenient. Some historians have produced many reasons to show that he was probably wrong; others have been equally convinced that he was right. However, even if one discounts Florence of Worcester, it does not necessarily limit the battle to the west. A later invasion from Ireland, that of Lambert Simnel in 1487,

must be called in question: the Norse king, Anlaf, is referred to as King of Scotland throughout; and the date of the battle at Vinheath, as given by Egil, seems to be rather earlier than the date of Brunanburh. Even so, there is a strong possibility that Brinsworth was the site, and this identification has been favoured by the foremost modern authority on English battlefields, the late Colonel Alfred Burne, who pointed out that there was a strong local tradition that a very big battle once took place between Catcliffe and Rotherham. If not Brunanburh, what could it have been? The argument is negative, but no more so than in most other cases; and I think that Brinsworth must remain one of the strongest claimants for the battlefield of Brunanburh.

The other place is to the south of the River Ribble, by Bamber Bridge, or Brindle. This site was first put forward as a result of the discovery of the great Cuerdale Hoard. In May 1840, a large number of silver coins was unearthed at Cuerdale, near the south bank of the Ribble, only a little way from where the new Preston motorway crosses the river. It is clear that only a small part of the actual hoard was officially recorded, and one estimate put the size of the discovery at about 10,000 coins. The original theory was that the coins were the treasure chest of a great army which, having been defeated, was unable to reclaim them; and at first the coins were dated between A.D. 815 and 930. In that case, the suggestion that this was the war-chest of the confederate army is inescapable; and we should naturally assume that Brunanburh was fought nearby. Modern estimates date the coins

earlier: none later than 910, but it is not clear how much of the original hoard can now be examined, nor how long it took to get coins into circulation in those days. Certainly the possibility is not ruled out; or we shall have to find another huge army with which the hoard can be connected. There are, too, other local indications: the name 'Dane's Pad' for an ancient trackway across the Fylde is supposed to indicate the route of the defeated Norsemen, fleeing to their ships in the Wyre estuary, the Dingsmere of the poem.

Nevertheless, with this site, as with all the others, the verdict must still be 'not proven'. It is not insignificant that, in most cases, the main supporters of any theory are the local historians living in that area. The historians without a local bias differ just as much, and most of their suggestions can be traced back to someone else's local fancy. Otherwise, with over twenty possibilities, it is hard to find two accounts the same. Even those who rely for their identification on the account of the battle of Vinheath in Egil's saga cannot agree on one locality.

Unless further evidence comes to light there is no hope that the historians will agree on one place. Unfortunately, the only new evidence that is likely to appear is archaeological—perhaps another treasure like the Cuerdale Hoard; and that could add yet another site to those already suggested, and a solution will be further off than ever. Brunanburh remains, paradoxically, the battle without a field, because it has too many.

—North of England Home Service



began with a landing on the Lancashire coast; but the invading army then crossed the Pennines and marched south through Yorkshire. In fact, all that can be stated with certainty is that the Scots and Norsemen joined each other somewhere in England, and the battle can be placed anywhere, east, west, or centre.

Could the place-name help to localize the site? There are plenty to choose from among the several chronicles: Brunanburh, Brunandun, Brunanbyrig, Etbrunnanwerc, Brunefeld, Bruningafeld, or just Brune. One chronicler gives a different name, Wendune. Unfortunately, the more closely a modern name resembles one of these the less likely the place is, from a military standpoint.

The only reasonable guide is military likelihood, and in this respect I think we can say with certainty that an army marching south in large numbers—or the defending army marching north—would be likely to use any roads available, the roads the Romans had left leading to their northernmost garrisons. With this in mind, I suggest there are two sites which have much to be said in their favour.

The first is Brinsworth, near Rotherham. This site—like that at Burnswark in Dumfriesshire—has been widely supported because it more or less fits in with many of the topographical details mentioned in an Icelandic saga of Egil Skallagrimsson. There the battle is called Vinheath, perhaps a Norse form of Wendune, and the account seems to refer to this battle. But there are so many serious mistakes that its reliability



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Science and the Humanities

Sir,—Dr. Brookes (THE LISTENER, October 1) concludes that for a better interpretation of science it is necessary to 'join the scientist in his laboratory and learn how to share his scientific experience'. You, Sir, are rightly alarmed by the exceedingly high barrier which suddenly appears to obstruct the path of those who have recently claimed that the non-scientist should try to share in at least some understanding of the achievements, the theories, and techniques, of science. Whether Dr. Brookes is right is to a certain extent a question of fact, and to another, a question of what one is to understand by 'interpretation of science', which can cover so many things: research, teaching, understanding theoretical conclusions, practical work, and so on. What are to be the acceptable limits of understanding and interpreting? When does a man really understand Maxwell's theory of light? Dr. Brookes's rather tough views applied, for instance, to the appreciation of literature, painting, and music, would have the peculiar consequence of excluding all but those active in these spheres from any right to comment.

These questions still remain, for it is perhaps worth pointing out that Dr. Brookes's conclusion, coming at the end of a long disquisition on the nature of scientific laws and concepts, hardly follows. He rightly points out that theoretical terms are often more than mere labels referring to situations involving 'direct experience', but that they occur within a theoretical framework of interlocking propositions, frequently in such a way that as intervening variables they drop out long before contact with observation is re-established. If so, then here in particular is an admirable field in which the non-scientist, by patient study of the published material (in article or book form) may gain a sympathetic insight into what scientists are talking about.

Quite generally, it doesn't follow from a philosophical doctrine of the meanings of scientific terms, what are to be the limits of a scientific education which non-scientists must reach before they have a proper understanding. It is one thing to say that scientific terminology has a use and a context which ramifies widely into both theoretical and experimental regions. It is another, to argue from this that no understanding is possible unless that *whole* experience is literally re-lived, including a lengthy course of work in the lab.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

GERD BUCHDAHL

Sir,—In your recent leaders 'A Great Debate' and 'School Curriculum' (THE LISTENER, September 3 and 17) you show a commendable concern that some solution should be found to what you rightly describe as 'a central problem of our time, the relation between science and the humanities', and in the second of these leaders you suggest that 'any fresh thought that can be given . . . to the problems of how best to teach the majority of the young people of Britain

is welcome'. May I, with all due modesty, accept your challenge to freshness of educational thought and put forward one or two ideas which may be of some assistance when we come, as sooner or later we shall have to, really to tackle the problem of what constitutes secondary education for all in a unique and unprecedented historical situation?

(i) Our main concern is, I am sure, that all our children should, in their adolescent years, come under the influence of a liberal education. Only thus, we believe, shall we retain, or create, a liberal society. The job, as so many distinguished educationists say, must be tackled in the school. Unfortunately, as the history of education richly shows, the very reverse is the case. A liberal education is the product not the cause of a liberal society. Unless you have a liberal society you will not have a liberal education. Education has never had any notable success in the creation of social values. What it can do is to sustain and fortify the values already in existence. In other words, education is always a response to social demand. A materialist and utilitarian society, such as ours, will demand and obtain a materialist and utilitarian education. Is it not significant that the G.C.E. examination, which allows candidates to choose any subjects they like—and by implication to ignore, and even despise, subjects not strictly required for the job in view—has greatly accentuated the utilitarianism which was always a defect of English education?

(ii) Following from the principle just enunciated, that education is a form of response to social demand, we must state categorically that if society really wanted a liberal education for its children, eventually it would have it. The fact is that society does not really want it. For the majority of people a liberal education is not an *economic* necessity, neither to the workers nor to the employers. It is when a subject, a skill, an attitude, a training, becomes economically necessary that a demand for it is made on the schools. If industry and commerce, the office and the assembly lines, really required liberally educated workers we should soon obtain a liberally conceived education.

(iii) Some practical implications of the two principles I have just mentioned are: (a) If industry and research, government departments, colleges and universities, really demanded scientists and technologists who had had a liberal as well as a specialized education, they would soon get them. The education system would respond immediately, as it has always done, to the imperatives of economic demand. (b) If industry, commerce, teaching, administration really demanded of their Arts men an intelligent understanding of modern scientific culture, they would get it. Again the education system would respond. (c) If all employers of labour required, as some of the best already do, that their workers should be something more than what D. H. Lawrence called 'the human implements of industry', this also would contribute to the

liberalizing of society, and by implication, of education.

In fact, our chief educational problems, despite what many people, even educationists, think, cannot be solved in the schools. When they are solved in society, education will keep them that way.—Yours, etc.,

Crews

H. M. DOWLING

Sir,—The Snow-Bantock disagreement (THE LISTENER, September 17), like most arguments about education, confines itself to principles and ends but gives no precise directives to schools. May I argue that Mr. I. A. Richards, after writing *Science and Poetry* (1926), worked out the connecting link between science and the humanities? Richards's idea, in a nutshell, is that we have 100 general ideas which can be conveyed, at a school level, by about 1,000 words. By translating suitable passages of prose and verse into our defining language, we can link up the words of our dictionary with our little island of ideas. We have here a translation art-technique which provides a classical education, without Greek or Latin, for all.

The overriding superiority of this form of translation is that both 'languages' are already known by our pupils. Anyone who has spent five hours experimenting with this vertical translation realizes that Ogden and Richards have indeed invented the heir to the time-wasting gerund-grinding that is going on in schools. As it would demand some eight periods a week for six years in the curriculum at the expense of French and Latin, the only people who could advocate it, without self-injury, are the scientists and, perhaps, the logicians who are *mutatis mutandis* working on similar lines. A scientist who gave ten hours to vertical translation and compared what he was doing with what he had done in language and literature classes at school would find himself equipped to start swallowing the humanist. Mr. Bantock may not approve of this but he certainly knows the Cambridge background of this recommendation.

Yours, etc.,

Belfast

S. B. WYNBURN

## Neither Child nor Lunatic

Sir,—In her interesting talk 'Neither Child nor Lunatic' (THE LISTENER, September 24) Lady Wootton speaks of 'grievances' which may be felt by the psychopath on the one hand and the 'intermittent offender' on the other. The latter, she says, is punished for his offences while the psychopath, who is a persistent rogue, is treated as a sick person. There is an added grievance, apparently, in that the intermittent offender may have been born in an unlucky period, for 'once the grossly and persistently anti-social can claim to be treated as medical, and not as moral, cases it is surely only a question of time before the mildly anti-social claim the same privilege'.

It is true that Lady Wootton makes some allowance for the fact that the psychopath gets



treatment as distinct from a fine or imprisonment, etc., but her thesis would seem to disregard the fact that in most circumstances an intermittent offender would hardly be likely to complain that he was denied the opportunity to spend a period, probably lengthy, in hospital to undergo treatment. In other words, Lady Wootton may have a point so far as murder and possibly a few other serious crimes are concerned, but the term 'intermittent offender' does not appear to be appropriate in such a context.

As to the psychopath's grievance, namely that he loses his liberty without due process of law, I would like to emphasize (because so far in what I have read on the Mental Health Act, 1959, it has not been brought sufficiently to the fore) that the Mental Health Act introduces an entirely new concept in the Mental Health Review Tribunals. These tribunals, under legal chairmanship, will in general give any mentally disordered person a right to be heard on whether his detention is justifiable. That is to say he will no longer be dealt with by an administrative body (the Board of Control is dissolved by the new Act) but by a judicial statutory authority. Previously he could bring himself before a judicial tribunal only by an application for a writ of *habeas corpus*. Now, he is to be given easy and, presumably, speedy access to a body which is independent of the Administration and the medical profession. Before the Act was passed *habeas corpus* was, theoretically at least, the only remedy to insure that, in the words of Lord Goddard in *Ex p. Ratty*, persons should not 'be deprived of their liberty and confined in institutions merely because doctors and officials think it would be good for them'.—Yours, etc.,

Blundellsands

J. CROSSLEY VAINES

### A Vindication of Romance

Sir,—Unless I am mistaken, in his talk, 'A Vindication of Romance' (THE LISTENER, October 1), Mr. Wren-Lewis revealed that he had three firm beliefs: in Romantic love, in Christianity, and in modern technological civilization. Two of these I would like to question.

True romantic love must inevitably be one of the most powerful experiences in the life of an individual. But for such love to last is a very rare thing. In the lives of most of us this love must be either unknown, or a temporary (though important) phase. How does the man who has never known it find it? Or he who has found it preserve it? Mr. Wren-Lewis has given us a necessary condition (a high degree of individual aesthetic development), but not a sufficient one. I doubt very much if more than a small minority could ever subscribe to a 'genuine' Romantic philosophy. Nor do I think we can incorporate it into 'the basic faith of our civilization'—if it is to be logical.

The rest, who are perhaps not so blessed, find themselves alone. And alone in a crowd, for modern technological civilization has given us the anonymous crowd. The crowd at once subordinates the individual, and breaks any faith he might have had in the 'organic unity' of nature. And I wonder if many of those who have protested against modern civilization will be satisfied by Mr. Wren-Lewis's assurance that 'almost always the evils of technological society are overcome by the application of more and

better science, not less'? Surely in the particular case of the hydrogen bomb, or the more general problem of modern warfare itself, the root of the issue is that man, as an individual, cannot be trusted with the power he has acquired. It would solve nothing to give him more. If this is so, then the problem is not one for science, unless it be mass-psychology, but for the individual. It must be solved by man in his aloneness.

It is to this problem that what Mr. Wren-Lewis describes as 'the new classicism of the so-called perennial philosophy' addresses itself. Its emphasis is not on negation of the world, but rather on the affirmation of the life of the individual. Borrowing, it is true, from Eastern philosophy, it emphasizes the need for the individual to be in complete control of his mind, and secondarily of his body. It is true that particularly in the West the history of self-discipline for spiritual ends is littered with cases of repression, and consequent mental suffering. But this was largely due to insufficient psychological knowledge. This control needs excessive self-awareness. Its object is to gain spiritual experiences: and to do this it is necessary, not, as many critics have supposed, to indulge in emotional orgies, but to minimize emotional feeling. The result is not apathy towards the world, but what a Buddhist might call compassion. (I hesitate to mention the word 'love' which Christ uses, since even Mr. Wren-Lewis takes it to mean excessive emotion.) Like Plato's philosopher, the man who has known the Good may return refreshed to worldly occupations.

The perennial philosophy may be criticized as hopelessly idealistic. It does not pretend to be an easy way out. But it does offer a way out. It is no solution to ignore, as I think Mr. Wren-Lewis does, the very existence of the problem. The 'new classicism' need deny neither the beauty, nor the desirability, of romantic love. What it does seek to prevent is the all-too-familiar development of such a relationship into a selfish universe with only two inhabitants. The last thing that our technological civilization can afford to tolerate, in any of its innumerable shapes and forms, is selfishness.—Yours, etc.,

Sheffield, 8

R. W. WATERHOUSE

Sir,—In saying that 'Christianity was born out of the conviction that one man had restored the proper pattern of personal life' Mr. John Wren-Lewis reminds us of a very great truth. Unfortunately, in his endeavour to prove that the world-affirming Church Fathers were right and the world-transcending heretics mistaken, he rather unfairly omits to mention that the example Man was a celibate who believed, and taught his immediate followers to believe, that the end of the world was imminent and would be replaced by the Realm of God in which there would be no marrying nor giving in marriage. Logically, we can only deduce from this that he did not consider the physical world to be the work of the Eternal—or why should it pass away?—and that the lust of the flesh which must precede human procreation was something to be overcome and not indulged. The Marcionites and, after them, the Catharis and Albigenses, did, in fact, make this deduction. They would not believe that the visible world, based from first to last on suffering and violence, had been created by the good

God who was the Father of Jesus Christ. It was, they pointed out, the work of the Demiurge, or Satan, and they had no wish to co-operate in his heartless plans. Hence marriage was forbidden in the Marcionite Church whose members renounced the whole 'service of the perishable', and lived as Jesus had told them they must live hereafter.

In condemning this reasonable attitude the Fathers of the Early Church got themselves into a fantastic philosophical muddle. Teaching, on the one hand, that the lust of the flesh was not according to the will of God, they taught, on the other—evidently with a view to congregations—that human procreation was. Clement of Alexandria innocently exposed the sheer nonsense of this double-mindedness when he wrote: 'A man who marries for the sake of begetting children must practise continence, so that it is not desire he feels for his wife, whom he ought to love, and he may beget children with a chaste and controlled will'—a feat only recently become possible by means of the test tube! Yet that same Father quotes from *The Gospel According to the Egyptians*: 'When Salome asked the Lord: "How long shall death hold sway?" he answered "As long as you women bear children"'; and also remarks: 'They say that the Saviour himself said: "I come to destroy the works of the female"', i.e., human propagation. However much Mr. Wren-Lewis may sympathize with the point of view of the Church Fathers, it cannot be on grounds of logic.

As for romantic love, in its higher phases it is not, as he points out, necessarily concerned with sexual indulgence. In the *Symposium* Socrates quotes Diotima as pointing out that the fruits of platonic love are vastly superior to those of the sexual variety, a premiss demonstrated by Dante whose poetry was born of his mental love for Beatrice. While as Kierkegaard reminds us in his *In Vino Veritas*: 'Many a man has become a genius thanks to some young girl . . . but none has ever become a genius thanks to the young girl who gave him her hand in marriage'.—Yours, etc.,

Selsey

ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON

### The 'Great Eastern'

Sir,—I do not know what Mr. W. Balfour Gourlay really saw in 1890 when he counted the six masts and five funnels of the 'Great Eastern' on her way past Arran to be broken up on the Clyde—unless it was her ghost going to join the ghosts of the other monsters in Loch Ness. On the other hand, Mr. Gourlay may have got his dates wrong, or his memory is playing mirror tricks on him.

When, in 1887, the ship's owners failed to get a liquor licence for sightseers aboard her in Liverpool, she was towed to the Clyde to entertain the Scots. That autumn she had her eighth exchange of owner, this time to a shipbreaker. In August 1888, under her propeller alone, she took three days to return to the Mersey and there, for the first time in shipping history, her parts were sold before dismantling. At last someone made some money from her, and today her accessories must be scattered all over the world.

It took from 1889 to the middle of 1890, before the days of oxy-acetylene, to break her—on the Mersey—with the thunder of a huge iron ball flung by a steam engine against her side.



In his history of her, *The Great Iron Ship* (1953), James Dugan suggests that the noise may have 'introduced neuroticism into Cheshire'. Other sources giving the Mersey as her death-bed include John Kennedy's *History of Steam Navigation* (1903) and *Mail and Passenger Steamers of the 19th Century*, Parker and Bowen (1928).—Yours, etc.,

Beckenham

OWEN WEBSTER

Sir,—The interesting account of the 'Great Eastern' (THE LISTENER, September 24) omits mention of the discovery, when the ship was being broken up, of two skeletons between the hulls. It was surmised that the two skeletons were those of two riveters who, through accident,

had been walled up when the ship was being constructed. Many sailors believed that the ill-luck which had accompanied the vessel during its voyages was due to this grim occurrence.

Yours, etc.,

Oswestry

J. LANGLEY

### The Behaviour of Dogs

Sir,—Really, I can no longer let pass without protest this assertion that dogs are colour blind (THE LISTENER, October 1). Many times I have proved this wrong, such as instances when my dog has run up to some small coloured object on the floor, sniffed at it and lost interest; when he looked, indeed stared, at a coloured beret I

wore instead of my usual black one (outline exactly the same).

But the instance I remember the most is when I held him on a lead while my sister, in a blue coat, stood in a queue at the grocers. There were three other women in blue coats, evenly spaced in queue; on letting him loose he went to each of those three women, and no others, sniffed at the hem of their garments and so passed along to my sister. I do not credit dogs with all the marvellous and silly attributes as do some daft women but I do know that they see colour.

I wish I knew how to prevent or train dogs from barking but no articles I ever read mention this horrid subject.—Yours, etc.,

Foss

A. M. NEWMAN

## Opera in the Living Room

JEREMY NOBLE on the B.B.C. Television production of Verdi's *Otello*

THE B.B.C.'s tenacity in bringing opera to people who live out of range (cultural and social, as well as geographical) of the two London houses is so praiseworthy that one hesitates before making any adverse criticisms. At the same time, last Thursday's production of *Otello* gave too much evidence of muddled principles to be merely patted perfunctorily on the back for its good intentions; some fairly radical thinking needs to be done before the next effort is made, if the same near-fatal mistakes are not to be repeated.

Opera—and this is something unmusical people can never understand—is primarily a musical function. It is not drama that happens to be underlined by music, otherwise there would be no point in giving us Verdi's *Otello* when Shakespeare's psychologically far richer version of the story is so much simpler (and cheaper) to put on. To recognize this automatically limits the potential audience, but it also clarifies the producer's task. His first duty is to assemble the finest available cast; they must be able not only to give us the notes but to bring to them all the subtlety of dramatic expression that the work calls for—which in *Otello* is considerable. If they happen to look nice, so much the better for us, but it is far less important to have an attractive Desdemona (or a coloured Otello) than it is to have singers who can do real justice to the score.

I have the impression that so much fun has been poked in the past at ton-weight sopranos and gangling tenors that the casting boys have got their priorities muddled. They seem to imagine that viewers will switch off if the singers look too much unlike film stars; but they should have learnt by now that the only thing that makes the viewer switch off is incompetence. Physical beauty is no more essential to an opera-singer than to a member of the 'Brains Trust'; it is simply a bonus for

which we are grateful when it comes our way.

I wonder whether this emphasis on the looks of the singers is not partly owing to a mistaken idea that television opera should be more intimate than the real thing. But you might as well keep a live leopard in your living-room as

stepping out of his plane and handing out the familiar bromide—and 'Esultate!' is much more than a statement for the press.

Of course this is not to say that the close shot does not have its uses, the *Willow Song* and the *Ave Maria*, and again Iago's account of Cassio's dream—these are moments when Verdi lowers the temperature for a moment and invites us to come closer, and Rudolph Cartier was absolutely right to accept the invitation on our behalf. About Iago's 'Creed' I am more doubtful; perhaps a mixture of very close with very distant shots would best mirror the compound of frankness and deceit, but the technical objections to this are obvious. For too much of the time, though, we were jammed up far too close against the singers, with the result that every movement was magnified in effect and the whole production became fidgety. Claustrophobia cleared only at the moment towards the end of Act III when we were suddenly given a shot from high in the roof of the courtiers scattering before Otello.

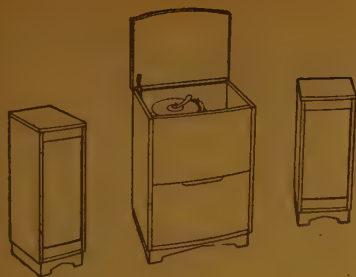
To particularize about the performance would be invidious, it seems to me, partly because some of the singers were patently harassed by the conditions of the television studio, and partly because they were asked (sheer madness, this, however unavoidable) to sing all four acts without a break. Bryan Balkwill and his assistant conductor, Brian Priestman, performed prodigies in securing reasonably good ensemble for their far-flung forces; to ask for much more under the circumstances would be absurd. I hope, though, that in their future operatic productions (and may there be many of them) the B.B.C. will remember that much of the dramatic effect depends on space, or at least the illusion of it. If this is something that simply cannot be achieved in a television studio, perhaps they should make a point of picking operas in which the camera's intimate gaze is less out of place than in *Otello*. How about *Eugene Onegin*?



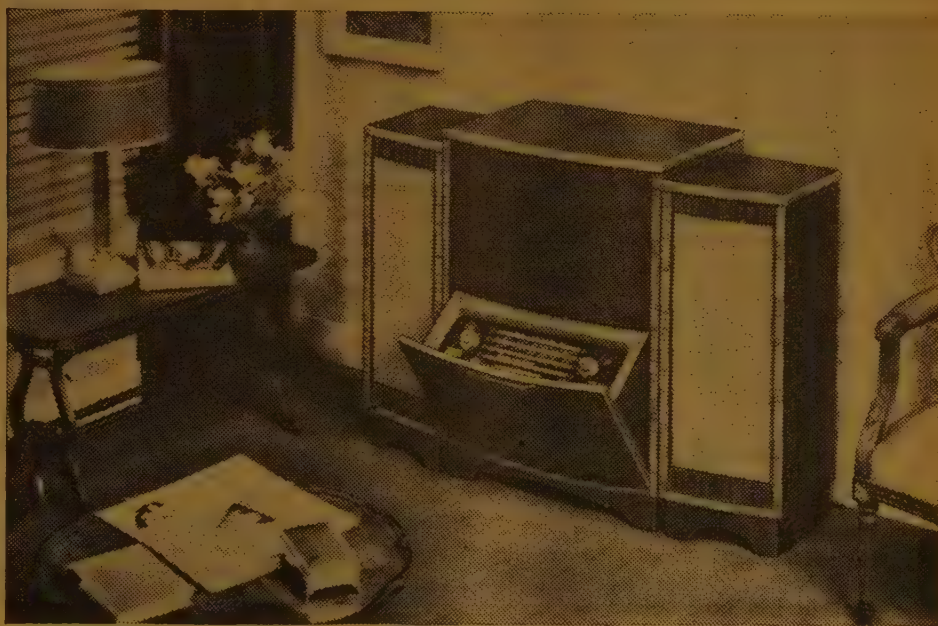
Heidi Krall (left) as Desdemona and Barbara Howitt as Emilia in Verdi's *Otello* in B.B.C. Television on October 1

try to make *Otello* intimate. Verdi's characters, here as in all of his operas except perhaps *La Traviata* and *Falstaff*, are consistently larger than life-size. They need more room to breathe than you and I. The space that separates them from their audience in the opera-house is a necessary part of their existence, a sounding-board for their personalities. To make *Otello* trip up the jetty steps straight into the camera's fishy eye is to reduce his stature to that of a statesman





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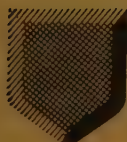
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# Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

**T**O display the set of four medieval hunting tapestries from Chatsworth in a manner worthy of their beauty and importance would set any museum in the world an extremely awkward problem. One great difficulty is that they are of enormous size, so large that we need not be altogether surprised to find they were once cut into strips so as to hang between windows in the long gallery at Hardwicke. To put them behind glass would not only require a considerable feat of engineering but would also spoil their appearance; on the other hand they cannot safely be exposed to the polluted air of London.

The problem has been solved at the Victoria and Albert Museum\* by providing an air-conditioned room, or rather a room in which the air is cleaned but not kept so completely under control as it is, for example, in the National Gallery. To make this possible a solid roof had to be built in place of the former roof of glass, and artificial light has had to be used; an advantage of this is that it is likely to cause less fading than daylight and it has been so arranged that it distorts the colours as little as possible. The Gallery of Medieval Tapestries has also been divided up so that the compartment in which the hunting tapestries are hung, as well as another compartment hung with early sixteenth-century tapestries of Petrarchan triumphs which were already in the museum's collection, now has some resemblance to the chambers of tapestries often mentioned in medieval inventories. There has had, of course, to be some compromise between modern museum technique and medieval practice. Tapestries were carried about as their owners travelled and set up in different rooms, so that they might have to go round a corner or even overlap. In the ordinary way they would have been hung without a gap between them so that people in the room would have felt themselves wandering inside a splendid picture; and even here, with some gaps between them, there is something of the same delightful effect.

One of the hunting tapestries has just been cleaned and restored in Holland, one is away being similarly treated—two medieval tapestries from the Burrell collection have been lent to take their place—and two await restoration later. At the moment they present an object lesson in the good that may be done by good restoration and the harm that may be done by bad, for one of the tapestries was clumsily restored in the past, even to the point of inserting hard and dark outlines round the figures, while the newly restored tapestry looks marvellously fresh and

brilliant. The tapestries came from Flanders and date from the first half of the fifteenth century. They have some resemblance to, and no doubt some connexion with, the courtly art of Burgundy, and in spite of the frightful carnage going on here and there—some of the details



'Grande Bagnante, No. 3', by Emilio Greco: from the exhibition of his sculpture and drawings at Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1

might serve as posters in protest against blood sports—the general effect is one of fantastic refinement; an extravagantly elegant society is shown at play in the jewelled world of the late Gothic miniature. The designers may well have made actual use of such miniatures, for some medieval tapestries have been traced to such a source, and if so it was an extraordinary achievement to transfer the tiny figures and minutely executed patterns of the illuminators so that they are completely appropriate to very large-scale decoration.

The new arrangement enables one to appreciate the beauty of the museum's other Gothic tapestries as never before. The later tapestries are certainly too crowded and incoherent in design, as was usual round about 1500 before Raphael's cartoons tidied things up, but there are many exquisite details. An earlier tapestry of Susanna and some other fifteenth-century pieces are now revealed in all their charm.

Emilio Greco, whose sculpture and drawings

are exhibited by Roland Browse and Delbanco, combines affectation with true feeling in a way that might have been thought impossible for the modern artist, however usual it may have been in the eighteenth century. In gesture, in expression of face, and even in the disposition of their hair, his figures have a mincing elegance, an almost preposterous air of high fashion, and yet every form is modelled with sensuous delicacy. There could be no greater or more welcome contrast to the earnest endeavour of so much modern sculpture than Greco's amused but voluptuous study of feminine airs and graces. If nevertheless one still wants sermons in stone there are Henry Henghes's white marble figurines at the Hanover Gallery, which might be described as streamlined Cycladic idols. Both these and his more completely abstract works are uncompromisingly firm and rigid in their simplification.

An exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts which is mysteriously called 'Place' consists of screens arranged to form a sort of maze and painted by Robyn Denny, Ralph Rumney, and Richard Smith. There seems to be an idea that this will somehow or other encourage the spectator to participate in the artist's work. Place, we are told, 'can be looked at, through, over, between, in or out'. No doubt it can, but the canvases remain action paintings, perhaps rather more than usually devoid of incident, and as such hardly seem to need any extraneous aids to mystification.

John Bratby shows a number of paintings at the Zwemmer Gallery which are a good deal smaller than the run of his work in the past. The rude energy of his style and the violence of his brushwork might be thought to need ample space so as to make the required impact, but in fact it seems to have been a helpful

exercise for him to aim at the greater concentration and more precise accentuation essential in a small picture. A curious feature of the exhibition is a series of paintings derived from a photograph of a film-star, Brigitte Bardot, who is naturally much transformed by being set to work in Bratby's kitchen. Julian Trevelyan shows a series of coloured etchings and some drawings of Malta at St. George's Gallery; they are not so much views as evocative fragments of the landscape.

Among recent art books, *Modigliani* (Thames and Hudson, £4 4s.) is an outstanding production for the fine quality and large number of its plates (thirty-six in colour, ten in monochrome) and in its general presentation. A work of art in itself, the volume will not be thought too highly priced. The text is by Franco Russoli, and Jean Cocteau's introduction provides a personal portrait of the artist.

\* A detail from 'The Roe Deer Hunt' appeared on page 531 of THE LISTENER last week



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## War Memoirs: Unity, 1942-1944

By General de Gaulle. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

Reviewed by DAVID THOMSON

THE SELF-CONTAINED faith in destiny which explains most of the disputes described in this book between de Gaulle and the western Allies is to be seen, in a nutshell, in the quotation below. It explains, too, why the political recluse who wrote these memoirs more than three years ago is now again at the head of France.

A call to honour from the depths of history, as well as the instinct of the nation itself, had led me to bear responsibility for the treasure in default of heirs: to assume French sovereignty. It was I who held the legitimate power. It was in its name that I could call the nation to war and to unity, impose order, law and justice, demand from the world respect for the rights of France. In this realm I could not renounce, or even compromise in the slightest degree.

The first volume of de Gaulle's memoirs, which was translated into English four years ago, took the story to the summer of 1942: the second runs from the North African landings to the liberation of Paris in 1944. The second fulfils all the promise of the first, in its bite, its self-revelation, its sardonic, semi-detached reflections on the turbulent controversies of the later war years. Even its title ('Unity') is ironic, for it is largely concerned with the long series of Fighting French squabbles with Roosevelt, Churchill and Giraud about Syria and Lebanon, about Madagascar, about the invasion and subsequent administration of North Africa, even about plans for D-Day itself. But it suggests no regrets on the General's part for the intransigence and prickliness he consistently showed towards his friends. The purity and grandeur of his purpose justified all.

This said, what may surprise many readers is the charity de Gaulle shows towards the men of Vichy. He has a lurking respect for Marshal Pétain, his old chief. He admits, more generously than many of his followers, that Pierre Laval had aims other than mere selfish power and was no quisling ruler. 'In his government, deploying the limitless resources of guile and the last resorts of obstinacy in order to support the insupportable, he sought, somehow, to serve his country. Let that be to his credit!' This mellow retrospective judgment did not, however, lead the General to pardon Laval as he pardoned Pétain. The tone towards Darlan and Giraud is less genial. Respect for the bravery shown by communists in the Resistance is overshadowed by suspicion that they planned to use him as a mask for their own dictatorship.

The bitterest comments are reserved for President Roosevelt, for Roosevelt made it clear that he had no faith in the resurgence of France as a great power, or in the sacred mission of de Gaulle to achieve this aim—and that was the unforgivable sin. It was this antipathy that underlay some, but not all, of the quarrels with Churchill. It led to the remarkable outburst from Churchill: 'This is something you ought

to know: each time we have to choose between Europe and the open sea, we shall always choose the open sea. Each time I have to choose between you and Roosevelt, I shall always choose Roosevelt'. This produced, in turn, the no less remarkable outburst from Ernest Bevin: 'I want you to know that he is speaking on his own initiative and not in the name of the British Cabinet'. Similarly, if Eisenhower fell short of de Gaulle's expectations, it is Roosevelt that is blamed. 'I often had the feeling that this generous-hearted man inclined towards these points of view' (i.e. the speedy recovery of France as a great power): but 'the politics of Washington dictated his behaviour and necessitated his reserve'.

These memoirs throw a great light upon the personality of the man who is now President of the Fifth French Republic. Their style bears the stamp of intellectual distinction, of cool-headed realism, of austerity. It has, too, glints of megalomania. The habit of referring to himself sometimes as 'I' and sometimes as 'de Gaulle' has the odd effect of self-detachment, as if he looked down from a great height upon even himself. Yet this detachment carries no hint of self-criticism. He was always right, for he alone embodied the honour and greatness of France.

## An Occupation for Gentlemen

By Fredric Warburg. Hutchinson. 21s.

As Mr. Warburg himself remarks, curiously few publishers have left readable accounts of their activities. Sir Stanley Unwin's is the old-fashioned classic. In more recent times there has been Mr. John Lehmann's *The Whispering Gallery*, but that is concerned with its author as a person first and only secondarily as a publisher. *An Occupation for Gentlemen*, on the other hand, confines itself with deliberate and clear-headed relevance to the world of book-promotion: even the detailed character-sketch of Mr. Warburg's Delphic second wife is limited to her impingement upon the affairs of Messrs. Secker and Warburg—amongst which the morale of its senior partner is, of course, necessarily to be included.

Martin Secker was a small firm of considerable prestige and deplorable finances when the author, after thirteen years' tyroship in a vast, monolithic and devastatingly respectable concern, managed to buy it, in partnership with Mr. Roger Senhouse, on a couple of shoe-strings. How did he manage to make a go of it? Mr. Warburg is enviably objective about himself; he recognises that he was often impetuous, over-eager, apt to back the wrong side, apt to involve himself in quarrels. He was also possessed by a disarming will to succeed, which he is at no pains to conceal. This does not refer primarily to financial success, though like most of us he is not averse to monetary comfort and regrets wryly at one point that he does not seem to have inherited 'the gold-bearing genes' of his fabulously rich American cousins, the Warburgs of Kuhn Loeb and the Federal Reserve System. Modest wealth is a necessary means, as it is an incidental by-product, of successful publishing: but the author's first

ambition was to build up a distinguished 'list' and to make the name of his firm stand for something individual and recognizable. That list now contains the names of Mann, Orwell, Wells, Kafka, Mumford, Moravia, Angus Wilson and many others no less distinguished.

With the objectivity goes a refreshing freedom from the dowdier sort of convention. There is no pretence that money and sales and royalties are beneath the writer's notice or only to be referred to in hushed generalities: we are given chapter and verse and accurate figures. Mr. Warburg does not attempt, or wish, to hide his glee when he pulls off a best-seller, such as *Clochemerle*. No *Clochemerle*, no Mumford. One is indeed a little regretful that he still adheres to that curious old establishmentary ruling that a publisher mustn't publish himself but should entrust it to others.

Clearly constructed and keenly written, pleasantly easy to read, *An Occupation for Gentlemen* takes us up to the end of 1939 and the beginning of the great disruption. A concluding volume is promised and in preparation.

HILARY CORKE

## Divine Poetry and Drama in 16th Century England. By Lily B. Campbell. Cambridge for the University of California Press. 35s.

When Milton claimed that his subject was more heroic than Homer's, he was writing at the end of a long series of attempts to create a Christian literature which its authors hoped would outshine that of the pagan world. Professor Campbell, who will be known for her magnificent edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, traces the story from the early translations of the Bible to the end of the sixteenth century. There were ninety metrical versions of the Psalms, including those of Wyatt and Sidney, and many other poets tried their hand at biblical themes; but there is little of strictly literary value in the field to which Miss Campbell limits herself.

She makes the valid point that by 'divine poems' the Tudors meant not devotional poems (as the Metaphysicals did) but poetry based on the Bible. They tried to substitute *The Court of Virtue* for *The Court of Venus*. 'Is any merry?' asked St. James, 'Let him sing psalms'. So numerous versifiers expressed the pious hope that their metrical versions would 'drive out of office the bawdy balades of lecherous love' and that 'gygolat girdles' would become 'as well learned in virtue and godlines, as they be in the Court of Venus'.

Later, more sophisticated, poets turned out religious sonnets as a counterblast to the love-sonnets of Sidney and his imitators; they translated the great bore, Du Bartas; they wrote unreadable poems about Noah and Moses; they produced religious counterparts of the sufficiently moral *Mirror for Magistrates*; they wrote what Miss Campbell calls 'divine erotic epyllia'; and even for the public theatre they wrote plays on such figures as Jonah and David.

Miss Campbell seems to have read everything and her brief comments are usually just. She is





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able to correct the views of other scholars on several points: she shows, for example, that Stoa's Latin tragedy on Christ's death preceded by twenty years the Latin plays written by Dutch schoolmasters. But the field with which she deals is so vast that she has no room for detailed criticism, if indeed it would have been worth while 'to dispute precedence between a louse and a flea'. She is aware of the dullness of much of the divine literature as when she remarks that 'the members of Trinity College who sat through a performance of Foxe's apocalyptic drama would, it seems to a modern reader, be worthy of inclusion in his most famous work' (i.e., *The Book of Martyrs*).

Some of her judgments are questionable. She is unfair to Baldwin when she says that none of his *Canticles* is better than the one she quotes. The two poems of his included in Chambers's anthology are so charming that others besides myself must have spent a fruitless hour in the hope of finding other good poems by him. The evidence in favour of Milton having translated Buchanan's *Baptistes* as *Tyrannical Government Anatomized* is slight indeed, though Miss Campbell regards the ascription as probable. She seems not to realize, since she prints it as prose, that Sylvester's dedication to King James is a regular sonnet. She has, finally, been unlucky in her dealings with Henry Constable whose 'Spiritual Sonnets' are better than most of the poetry with which she is concerned. She speaks of St. Katherine (instead of St. Margaret) as the 'fair amazon'; and in one of the sonnets she perpetuates three errors from Hazlitt's edition. In the lines—

As lovers syghes which meete become one  
mynde . . .

And *sente* my hart with syghes of holy love—the MS. correctly reads *wynde* and *sence*. But it is not Miss Campbell's fault that Miss Grundy's edition has not yet appeared. Nor is it her fault if the reader of the poems and plays with which she deals is inclined to agree with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew: 'A love-song, a love-song . . . I care not for good life'.

KENNETH MUIR

## Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter

By Simone de Beauvoir. Deutsch and Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

To find that one wants to use the word 'touching' for these memoirs may surprise those who have been intimidated by the public *persona* of Simone de Beauvoir. The ruthless feminism of *The Second Sex*, the confident lucidity of *The Long March*, the sharp intellectualism of the philosophical essays—even the poise and elegance in the portraits—have given the impression of a gifted woman implacably in charge of her career. The picture of the child on the dust-jacket (why hasn't it been included in the volume itself?) seems to assert that Simone always knew what she was going to be and do. A closer scrutiny reveals the apprehension with which a child foresees the destruction of her fragile world and the war à outrance to keep something of it intact. The translator, Mr. Kirkup, has turned the French title, *Jeune Fille Rangée*, into *Dutiful Daughter* and this licence may be allowed when the reader has seen its irony, for if Simone had not persisted in her revolt against the Dutiful she would not have become Simone de Beauvoir, novelist, philosopher and disabused critic of the mid-century world. But because this

revolt was lived through in anguish and tears, because the honesty and inflexible will are crossed with affection and tenderness, these memoirs discover a human being. All human stratagems to exorcise a child's fear—even systems of philosophy—are, finally, touching.

Can there be anything new in yet one more account of anti-bourgeois revolt? All bourgeois societies have been much alike, but the local versions still possess their own horror. English readers may not have come across the particular degree of social arrogance which marked, in Simone's father and mother, the fusion of French scepticism and French Catholicism. It is not uncommon to have been stifled in *bon-dieuserie*; few can have experienced at first hand the twist which Maurras and *Action Française* gave to whole segments of French society.

Simone, with her early-developed and prodigious faculty for questioning appearances, sensed the split in her family—the scepticism and the belief—behind the social façade: 'this disequilibrium', she writes, 'which made my life an endless disputation, is the main reason why I became an intellectual'. In this she was fortunate, despite the distress she suffered and caused. Without this acquired habit of dispute she might have conformed to the accepted French pattern of revolt and launched herself into the arid romanticism which engulfed so many. She might have read *Le Grand Meaulnes* (a crucial experience for her generation, apparently) without reading Kant; she read both. A French critic of these memoirs has been surprised that Simone, in her teens, disposes of God so quickly and with such little fuss: "I no longer believe in God" I told myself, with no great surprise'. This was not unusual, but Simone was saved from intellectual and emotional facility by having to watch what happened to her friend Zaza—the vivid, charming girl who couldn't rid herself of God and whom the *bien-pensant* world of her family so thwarted that in the end she died of it: 'We have only been instruments in God's hands', whispered her horrible father. Mademoiselle de Beauvoir has made this as much Zaza's book as her own.

It is a warm-hearted, very human document. Mr. Kirkup has caught its tone beautifully even if he is sometimes inaccurate in small details; and the proof-reading has been slovenly. Those who never cease to be fascinated by French family life will be rewarded; those familiar with the little streets round the Luxembourg will feel at home. It is not quite a perfect book. The occasions of adolescent frustration and tears are over-multiplied. There is not enough about the author's intellectual development—her thoughts about her thoughts and the problems which, for her generation, seemed to find their answer in Sartre. The memoirs conclude with his advent. The last traces of the bourgeois heritage fall away before his imperious intelligence. We are not entirely reassured that she hasn't exchanged one conformity for another.

H. G. WHITEMAN

## Born Alive. By Erna Pinner. Cape. 18s.

In *Born Alive* Miss Erna Pinner has strung together a number of examples of the more curious methods whereby nature seeks to ensure the perpetuation of life through the reproduction of the species. Her purpose, she says, is 'to show how the provisions that ensure future generations of individual kinds of creatures

(lower and higher forms) are subject to great complexity; and to this end she has gleaned much intriguing information, most of it necessarily unfamiliar to the layman, concerning such matters as methods of propagation, larvae and metamorphosis, nests and shelters, feeding and transport of the young, expressive phenomena, freaks and so forth.

It all makes very odd reading. Indeed, the mind boggles at the shifts to which the animal kingdom is put, not only to keep alive, once born, but even to get born at all. Take, for instance, the case of a certain sea catfish (*Aridae*) from South America. When the female has laid her eggs, up to seventy of them, the male takes them into his mouth, newly enlarged for the purpose, where they swim about for ten weeks or so, the parent meanwhile eating nothing. This must be inconvenient enough during the initial embryo stage, but worse follows when the embryos hatch, for, despite their size now, some two inches long, they continue to scurry around in the parent's mouth, obtaining their food by straining microscopic crustaceans off the water drawn in for breathing. Or there is the wolf spider (*Lycosa narbonnensis*), the female of which protects her eggs by wrapping them in a cocoon as big as herself which she trails around till it bursts and anything up to two hundred youngsters come pouring out. Instead of easing her burden, however, this only increases it, since the offspring now proceed to clamber on to her back, where they remain for six months.

Many no less tortuously ingenious instances could be cited from *Born Alive*, though it is doubtful whether the citing of them would serve any useful purpose. Perhaps the same might be said of the book itself. The faculty of wonder, as Miss Pinner observes, quickly tires—in reading no less than in life. It sometimes seems as if the more we learn about the strange devices of nature the less we are impressed. To be told, for example, that a spawning Californian seahare releases as many as 478 million eggs in four months can mean no more to us, in terms of a comprehending amazement, than the fact that a certain star is so many million light years from the earth. Similarly, we could get a sharper insight into the essential horror that permeates nature by single-mindedly watching a spider in the act of hauling up a house-fly into its larder than by the perusal of any amount of recorded facts, far more curious, from world-wide scientific research. Wonder works most potently, after all, in small doses.

C. HENRY WARREN

## The Harmless People

By Elizabeth Marshall Thomas.

Secker and Warburg. 25s.

The ideal primitives of the Romantic imagination lived out their exemplary lives, as often as not, in an ideal environment, Nature supplying all their wants. Mrs. Thomas's book, the distillation of three anthropological expeditions to Bushman territory in South Africa, bears witness like other recent travel-books to an understandable revival of the search for Innocent Man. But what is the price of harmlessness? To live secretly under conditions so severe that none will come to prey, in dry bush desert, with temperatures up to 120 degrees in airless summer days, and icy winds from the Antarctic on winter nights; to dig for roots and search for berries because there are no crops, to hunt



antelope with tiny poisoned arrows on long thirsty days, and for lack of water to have no domestic animals; in short to be primitive and to stay primitive.

If the moral is a daunting one, the intimate picture which Mrs. Marshall succeeds in giving has its own enchantment. She and her family got so far as to live with, not merely to visit, several different language-groups of Bushmen. Her affection for them is undoubted, neither pitying nor patronizing, and communicated by straightforward and considerably detailed narrative. The Bushmen are small people with grace in their movements and a beauty which 'is not a beauty of the flesh, and therefore exists in everyone who is not an infant or stiff with age' (and in some, to judge by the photographs, in the flesh also). They are shy and softly spoken, so that the searcher can sometimes stumble upon them unawares, not seeing their tiny huts in the grass but noticing suddenly 'a small skin bag dangling in a shadow, which was a doorway'; and then hearing voices whispering. But this leprechaun-introduction fades as intensely human people with human preoccupations are presented to us: with a few necessary skills which are almost superhuman. And finally they reveal, even these harmless ones, a human failing—jealousy.

FRANCIS WATSON

**J. M. Synge 1871-1909. By D. H. Greene and E. M. Stephens.**

Macmillan, New York. £2 8s. 6d.

Nowadays, when the younger British playwrights are taking a broader social field for their themes and searching for a more highly charged speech for their characters, the example of John Millington Synge is becoming more pertinent. Readers who know anything of Synge apart from his half-dozen plays will recall how Yeats persuaded him to leave Paris for the Aran Islands, a journey which made possible *The Riders to the Sea* and *The Playboy*. They will also know that *The Shadow of the Glen* when first played was taken as an insult to Irish womanhood, and when *The Playboy* was put on, four years later, there were riots in the Abbey Theatre over the word 'shift'.

To learn much more one had to go to the references in Yeats's verse and prose and to the complicated and frequently told story of the Abbey's early years. So, although his plays remain among the highest achievements of the Anglo-Irish literary movement, Synge himself has been left very much in the back row of the stalls, a silent man with black moustaches and folded arms; for access to his papers was forbidden to students for thirty years, by his brother Edward.

This book, by Professor David H. Greene of New York University, is based upon the memoranda and researches of Edward M. Stephens, Synge's nephew, to whom the documents were ultimately passed in 1939, and who spent the leisure hours of a distinguished legal career compiling a voluminous work in which the dramatist became submerged among his episcopal forebears.

With this material at hand, with his own knowledge of the period, and with the necessary travel, Professor Greene has been able to produce a first-rate, coherent, and well proportioned biography. Naturally, since so much of Synge's brief but high-voltage career as a creative

writer is intermeshed with the story of the Abbey, of Yeats, of the Irish national and literary politics of the day, a good deal of familiar ground has to be covered. But by fixing his attention on his subject, Synge, Professor Greene has kept his narrative clear of the polemical tones and controversial attitudes into which most of the literary historians and articulate partisans of the epoch have been betrayed. And in this concentration on the theme a better balance and scale is provided for subsequent students. More than this, Synge himself comes forward as a tragic but not titanic figure, lonely amid the private intrigue and the public abuse; the pathetic story of his troubled affection for Molly Allgood, the little Abbey actress half his age, draws a poignant thread through the dark fabric of his final months.

Now presented fully for the first time, we are given a clear account of Synge's boyhood rebellion against the stiff Protestantism of his mother, the shock to his faith of reading Darwin, his limping and edging beyond the ideological limits of his class, the Anglo-Irish landowning Ascendancy, the realization that even his own tiny private income involved the ruthless efficiency of the land-agent and the anxiety of the cottager threatened by eviction.

The years at Trinity College, Dublin, when he browsed along the margins of the curriculum, the years of continental sojourn, can now be seen as preparation and maturing of the man who was ripe for Yeats's advice when it came.

Although, since that is not its purpose, there is no attempt in this book at appreciation or analysis of Synge's work, certain aspects of his experience and activity are given an emphasis which must inevitably correct, or at least modify, several of the coarser generalizations which have obscured a sharp understanding of his style and practice. The letters, here reprinted, which he received from his Aran friends, demonstrate in phrase after phrase that the idiom which Synge later used for his dialogue was no literary fabrication; and the translations from Petrarch, Villon and Leopardi, in this idiom, indicate that he was deliberately trying to discover if it could be adjusted to other ends than peasant drama, a region he passed beyond in his last play, the unfinished *Deirdre*.

One footnote offers the interesting observation that Synge was 'one of the first writers who composed directly on to a typewriter'.

JOHN HEWITT

**The Age of Candlelight. By Beatrice Saunders. Centaur Press. 21s.**

A striking title and an agreeable book. No doubt candles were used long before the seventeenth century with which the author concerns herself, but it is as well to be reminded that ordinary men and women rose early and went to bed early because candles were so dear; and thus, as Dr. Coulton once pointed out, sunrise meant more to them than sunset. This summary of social life between the reigns of Queen Elizabeth I and Queen Anne is intended for people who like to read gentle stories about the past, for the invalid on the hospital bed or the late holiday-maker half-asleep in the autumn sun. The university historian may raise his hands, for there are no footnotes and no bibliography: the author leaps lightly across the years and prefers broad generalizations (and, it must be confessed, occasionally jejune comments) to a patch-work

of chapter and verse. Seventeenth-century experts will already have in their libraries books by Professor Wallace Notestein and Archbishop David Mathew which are larger and more learned; they may feel Dr. Trevelyan has written better; and they may have favourite items which they will miss—Sir Theodore Mayerne's letters for example, or Roger Lowe's love affairs. And of course, as usual, poor Oliver Cromwell gets blamed for Puritan excesses which had little to do with him. Still, if the twentieth-century citizen, deafened by microphones or frightened by space-rockets, wishes to linger awhile among squires and their ladies, their clergy and their doctors, he will spend a happy hour or two with this book.

MAURICE ASHLEY

**Shoot to Kill. By Richard Miers.**

Faber. 18s.

The Communists have virtually lost the war in Malaya, but their resistance continues fiercely in several areas. That this has come about after eleven years of fighting is owing in the first place to the change of British policy in 1954 which paved the way for Malayan independence, thus depriving the Communists of any plausibility for their main claim that they were 'fighting imperialism', and in the second place to the relentless pressure of the security forces. It is no disparagement of the latter, however, to allot them second place, for the fighting remained—and remains—as tough as ever.

There have been a number of books about the campaign, some good and one very bad. But I should unhesitatingly give Colonel (wartime Brigadier) Miers's book the first award. For one thing it covers the operations of a whole battalion for a period of two years and therefore gives a more comprehensive view of the fighting than do accounts of company or platoon activity; and for another, Colonel Miers is a better writer than any of his predecessors. The hunting down and killing of C.T.s (Communist Terrorists), culminating in the surrender of the notorious (and formidable) Ming Lee, make an exciting book.

The attitude of the writer emerges sharply. He regards the war against the C.T.s both as a Crusade (with a capital C) and as an exhilarating man-hunt. The fact that he is at times impatient of civilian hindrance to operations due to overall political considerations only underlines this single-mindedness—a quality so necessary for a soldier, even if induced in himself by a *tour de force*. But with Colonel Miers it is no *tour de force*, it comes naturally.

The book speaks for itself, but it happens that the reviewer can confirm from personal experience the picture it gives of the writer and his battalion. At the invitation of Colonel Miers, he went on a jungle patrol with a platoon of his troops (1st South Wales Borderers) attired, of course, in 'jungle green'. This was the third occasion on which he had visited our troops in the Malayan theatre since the beginning of the war and he was greatly impressed by the way in which experience and success had improved their confidence and morale, and comparing this with the 1914-18 war (the last occasion on which he had held a loaded revolver in his hand) he realized once again that what the Malayan war lacked in wholesale danger it made up for in hardship and discomfort.

VICTOR PURCELL



# Pistols for two

Dear Sir Tukan,

Father brought you to school last Open Day so I expect you know who I am. I think I ought to inform you of certain activities on the part of a Certain Person which have simply got to be Stopped. (Actually it's your brother J\*m\*s but one can't be too careful.) I only found out by accident and a good thing I did because we don't want the Yard snooping about, anyway they'd be baffled, and if Father knew he'd blow his top. Fortunately I have made some deductions.

It began about a month ago when *The Observer* came to us at home (Sunday it must have been). This may sound nothing special but it is because we never used to have it. So Father said "They've sent us the wrong paper again." And Mother said "Oh no dear it's for me" or some stuff like that but the point is the way she said it. I knew she was covering up like mad for something because she isn't all that struck on newspapers not as a rule.

So I said nothing just hummed a merry bar or two. Mother laughing and talking in a most unnecessary way and Father looking huffed and hipped. So I picked up this *Observer* and read a bit (this was at breakfast) and Father said "Very good paper" in a voice simply choking with curiosity and things. Then Mother hid it! (That afternoon.) Then next Sunday it came again—and I found the 64,000 dollar answer . . .

Your brother J\*m\*s is carrying on a *Secret* correspondence with my mother in the *Personal Column* of the *Observer*! It seems incredible, because she's well over thirty-three, but there it is (and I'm sure it's him, from certain chance remarks and other subtle clues). Weird stuff, terrifically passionate—well if you look at last week's copy you'll see what I mean. And Mother sending him answers now, simply chronic! But that one from "A Friend," *that's me!* I couldn't afford more than two lines so either he didn't understand or he lost his nerve, because he never turned up. I waited ages.

I thought if I slapped his face he'd have to fight—somewhere private, *obviously we must keep it out of the papers*. We could have a secret rendezvous at dawn and a password . . .

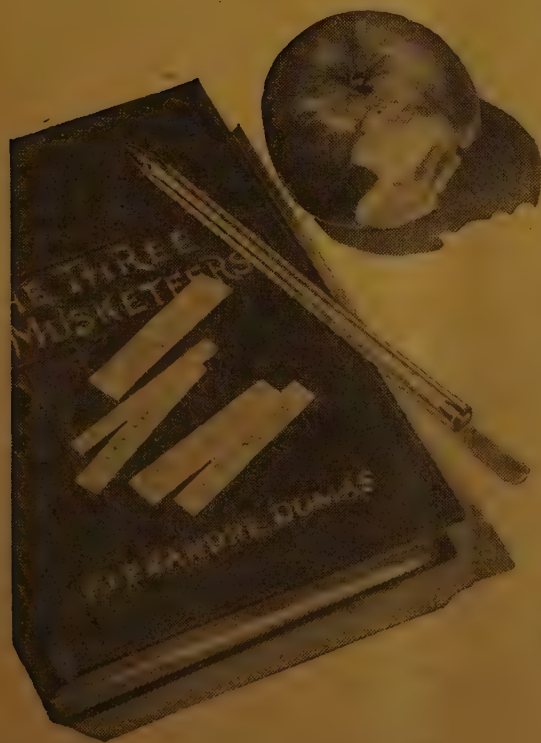
## THE OBSERVER

wouldn't be a bad one. Afterwards the winner would have to leave the country, but I wouldn't mind that. You could be his second if you like so please will you tell him as a man of Honour he can't refuse, if he *is* one. I'd better not sign my full name.

Yours sincerely,

Stephen X.

By the way, is it true what Father says you sometimes write for the *Observer*? The rugger reports are 1st class, also the athletics.





# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Impartiality

IMPARTIALITY is an ideal rather than a possibility—a truth which must have been very much borne home to the B.B.C. during these weeks preceding the election. It is not of course difficult to allot the major parties equal numbers of political broadcasts, or even to ensure that each occupies its fair share of the news. No, the obvious trouble (if it is a trouble) is that a very large number of primarily non-political items have nevertheless various political implications: a domestic comedy—and viewers will know which one I am thinking of—may be packed with them. But the attempt to control, censor, or suppress such programmes could only lead to the bleakest authoritarianism, and it is very good that no such attempt has been made.

Television's own private contribution to the election has been the 'B.B.C. Hustings', seen in the London area on Tuesday and Thursday. Excellently conceived and executed, these came just about as near to that ideal as might be. In the first place, the idea of having the politicians answer questions, instead of making speeches, was absolutely the right one. Politicians tell us what they think we ought to want to hear. But we, the electorate, may have other notions; and a majority of the audience's questions were precisely those that a candidate, if he has any skill at all, usually manages to duck at a public meeting. Here there could be no ducking: or rather, he ducked at his peril, to face a public disapproval that was only too painfully obvious.

Sticklers for impartiality might have objected to the presence of a Liberal on the platform on each occasion, together with one Con-

servative and one socialist. That could scarcely be said to reflect the true state of party strength in the country. Yet I do not know that the objection is really sustainable. One could hardly put up a seventh of a Liberal, or whatever; and in practice his presence acted as a wholesome curb on any tendencies towards partisan extravagance in his companions.

However, in point of fact (and this, I think, might have startled a foreign observer) these tendencies were minimal. The parties had selected their own representatives; but in each programme all the speakers, with one sorry exception, were good-humoured, direct, and courteous. The sorry exception was a smug ducker. That sort of thing may get by in the House—indeed I am only too afraid it does; but the screen is another matter.



Mr. Seán O'Casey in a filmed interview in 'Monitor' on September 27



Also in 'Monitor': M. André Masson at work in his studio

the election itself but just that? (I mean that they seem to come over all queer at the very *idea* of opinion-polls: reasoned criticism of the methods of working them is of course quite another matter.) Anyway George Scott tore into the unfortunate Dr. Durant, but without either skill or success: the doctor's replies, when he was allowed to complete them, seemed eminently balanced and sensible. Other 'Panorama' interviewers do better. Robert Kee, conducting a private investigation into 'Westerns', amply justified his place on my (very) short list of interviewers who have lost neither their curiosity nor their manners. He can even interview a child of six without false bonhomie or condescension.

'Monitor' (September 27) treated Mr. Seán O'Casey with the intelligence and humanity that were denied to Mr. T. H. White in the previous edition: though it is perhaps possible to feel that Peter Newington is a better producer than introducer. Patrick Moore, the man with the eyebrow in orbit, was his usual pleasantly ecstatic self in 'The Sky at Night' on Monday.

It was good to see Sir Mortimer Wheeler's 'Armchair Voyage' again (Monday, Wednesday, Friday) with its distinguished commentary, photography, and (not least) musical score. And collectors will not have missed the repeat of 'Chinese Journey' (September 30) with its shots of Ulan Bator, unknown capital of Outer Mongolia, to which few travellers and fewer cameras have ever penetrated.

HILARY CORKE

### DRAMA

#### Tycoons

MY APOLOGIES to Miss Horniman and the Manchester Gaiety. The accusations I ungallantly levelled at her last week, as an instigator of theatrical sackcloth and ashes, received a neat reproof in Sunday's production of Arnold Bennett's *What the Public Wants*. This anything but doleful piece was one of the more popular



'Faraway Look' on October 2: Mr. Peter Scott with a young kinkajou on the island of Barra Colorado, in the Panama Canal

When, for instance, you are asked if you will honestly admit what you consider the biggest mistakes made by your party since the war; and when your opponent comes up quite straightforwardly and regretfully with a couple of decisions on international policy: if you then start talking about your party's political manifesto not having been forcefully worded enough at the last election but three, you not only excite the perfectly justified derision of your studio audience but, it seems to me, you lose your party many, many votes on polling day. And very right too.

Impartiality was not shown over the quizzing of Dr. Henry Durant, director of Social Surveys (Gallup Poll) Ltd., in 'Panorama' on September 28. Dr. Durant seems to have been set up as some sort of Machiavellian bogey by the more hysterical intelligentsia—perhaps their sense of individual uniqueness is outraged by the mechanical summation of opinions, though what after all is



of the Gaiety plays; moreover, it is remembered as the work that happened to be playing on the night the theatre gained permission to install a bar—news which stirred the audience into cheering the production to a standstill on the line, 'Haven't I put your place in order? Didn't I get you a licence?'

*What the Public Wants* is Bennett's *Citizen Kane*. It tackles Northcliffe and the revolution in popular journalism in the same spirit of public indignation that Orson Welles showed towards Hearst and the growth of America's yellow press. And there are other points of similarity: Kane builds his mistress a theatre; Charlie Worgan, Bennett's Northcliffe, buys up the company in which his beloved is acting and makes her a director. But the comparison cannot be pressed much further than this, for the two figures are profoundly different. Whereas the film tycoon has a satanic heroism that bursts out of society into legend, the stage tycoon exists strictly in the context of his time and place; emphatically the portrait is in prose, and its characteristics emerge one by one like points in a carefully planned argument.

Worgan the Chief gives way to Worgan the boy from the provinces, on the defensive against people of quality who drop Swinburne and theology and start on motor-cars when he enters their company; then we meet Worgan the victim of maternal disapproval (this one must have gone home to Northcliffe), and see him jubilantly triumphing in his election to an honorary D.C.L. and rushing to look up what the letters stand for. The one constant thing in his character is an implicit trust in his slogan, 'Give the public what it wants'; but whether this represents genuine belief or a monumental capacity for self-deception is left in doubt.

Although the character of Worgan is that of a megalomaniac vulgarian, the play itself does little to discredit him, for its morality has dated, and one feels that the manoeuvre of having him judged by the priggish stay-at-homes of the Five Towns can scarcely have carried much conviction even in 1909 when the play first appeared. It is a pity he ever travelled home to endure sanctimonious curtain lectures from his stodgy G.P. brother, for he ceases to exist when he sheds his London background.

The background, far from having dated, has a timelessness such as all accurate studies of popular journalism possess; and the theatre gossip chimes in with that of our own time. One might have expected the production to be a triumph of the English Stage Company and Theatre Workshop's invasion of Charing Cross Road.

Peter Cotes's production effected a minor revolution in television by casting Patrick Wymark as Sir Charles Worgan. In the past such parts have invariably been played by Edward Chapman, whose tetchy and adipose mill owners, mayors, and surgeons have admitted no rival. Mr. Wymark's performance was fully in the Chapman manner—gruff, volcanic, peremptory, and cunning: it also deployed a number of facial mannerisms highly effective in close-up. Most striking among these is Mr. Wymark's ability to raise his eyebrows one at a time; this, combined with his jutting under-lip and his bull-like thrust of the head, makes him one of the most formidable

able desk actors I have seen for some time.

The London scenes were played with great spirit, with stylish performances by Dulcie Gray and Hugh Burden and a dazzling cameo by Geoffrey Dunn as a quivering, indignant drama critic whose copy had been tampered with. In the scenes set in the north the production lost its rhythm, and dialect was all over the place; the one point of composure was Carl Bernard's suavely controlled performance in the ungrateful part of the doctor.

Christopher Bond's *The Food of Love* (September 29) was a concentrated exercise in emotional blackmail. Set in a vile public school pledged wholly to the three R's ('Rugger, rowing, and results') it concerned the pathetic struggle of the veteran music master to get the headmaster's permission for a school performance of the *Messiah* in the local cathedral.

We know where we are in the first few minutes: art and humility on one side; philistine snobbery on the other. Mr. Bond draws up his teams in a few deft strokes. Very stiff and proud, the headmaster crushingly snubs a stammering new boy; immediately afterwards the boy is comforted by the old musician who, notwithstanding his position on the staff, frankly confesses that he loathes the place too: at once the boy's stammer grows less severe.

The action also involves the old man's devoted daughter and a young master, also on the side of art. For a time I thought he might rebel publicly and suggest rugger with a round ball; but he didn't; he joined the other two in the game of performing noble acts of self-sacrifice so as to produce a plentiful secretion of guilt in those for whom the sacrifices were made. This pastime, which motivates the entire action and accounts for the various discrepancies of character, reaches its climax when the old man informs the headmaster with relish that he is



Philip Ray (left) as Owen Thomas, Petra Davies as his daughter Gillian, and Moultrie Kelsall as Hubert Grenville in *The Food of Love* on September 29

going to die. He lets it sink in; and the tyrant's remorseful collapse is as abject as even he could have wished.

David J. Thomas's production contained some engaging performances in the women's parts. Petra Davies played the daughter with a fresh spontaneity, and Barbara Cavan gave a fine brazen reading of the headmaster's bridge-fiend wife who, satisfyingly, remained quite unperturbed by the approaching death of a member of the staff who had not been to one of the universities.

IRVING WARDLE

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Realism's Limits

MR. BILL NAUGHTON is one of those writers who recognize the poetry and dramatic situation latent in a working-class environment without feeling the need to make their characters stupid, self-consciously tough, or unnaturally verbose. In *Late Night On Watling Street* (Home, October 3) his lorry drivers on the A5 spoke as they do speak.

At the pull-in where most of the play was enacted the café owners sometimes struck a slightly false note but the other characters had the truth of documentary about them.

Mr. Naughton used his gift for documentary observation to punch home a story which is one of the legends of the hauliers. From the café idleness and the throbbing of the heavy motors there emerged the story of Jackson (Malcolm Hayes), a driver who is being persecuted by a speed cop. He traps the cop into tailing him down a hill at 60 miles an hour, and when the patrol car is sitting on his tail, he jams on the brakes. The constant note of the car's horn told the listener that the patrol car had been hideously impaled on the lorry's back axle. Mr. Naughton was once a lorry driver himself, and his dialogue was technically convincing and left one in no doubt that such a thing could happen. Unfortunately he also seemed to feel the need to make Jackson pay for his crime, and the man is struck down and killed by



Scene from Arnold Bennett's *What the Public Wants* on October 4, with (left to right) Hugh Burden as Francis Worgan, Patrick Wymark as Sir Charles Worgan, and Dulcie Gray as Emily Vernon





## Pipe dream becomes reality

Pitch-impregnated fibre pipes, the modern medium for drainage and electrical conduits, are basically derived from *paper*. They're so strong as to be virtually proof against damage . . . yet so light that one man can carry four eight-foot lengths! Once these pipes would have seemed a mere manufacturer's dream. They were first made in this country by a Reed Paper Group company—one of the many products made *better* because of 4 *extra assets* shared by the many individual Reed companies.

### THE 4 EXTRA ASSETS ARE THESE:—

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a second police car while crossing the road. This solution seemed false, and Mr. Naughton was prevented by the limitations of realism from summing up the situation in an *ex cathedra* fashion. R. D. Smith produced the work, which deserves being placed on record as a work that could not be done as successfully in any other medium.

Allan McClelland bravely attempted an adaptation of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* by Somerville and Ross (Home, October 1). Some forms of anecdote adapt well to radio but the book's gentle ramblings made Mr. McClelland's task extremely difficult. He was forced to place himself in the role of narrator, and though he read well and wittily he was brought down at every fence that had a dramatic situation on the other side of it. Added to this handicap created by the style of the book there was a further unease created by the book's rather dated view of the quaint Irish. Since the Ireland of Somerville and Ross there has been revealed an Ireland with less of a circus heart, and the jokes therefore seemed a little flat. The cast, directed by David H. Godfrey, did their best but they could never get a clear run at their characters because the narration interrupted. This is not of course to crab Mr. McClelland's reading. He ought to be allowed to read the whole book.

Last week was so wealthy that I had no space for comment on two very interesting works by Val Gielgud and D. G. Bridson. Mr. Gielgud's *Not Enough Tragedy* (Home, September 26) was strictly a stage play but it made such an interesting point in the debate on the Angry Young Man that it transcended its theatre atmosphere. Mr. Gielgud feels that some young men are angry because they have not experienced tragedy in Britain and cannot therefore understand compassion. His 'Angry' is one Colin Rowse (Jon Rollason) who is in love-hate with a Major General's daughter and who comes from Birmingham where (social historians please note), the cult of being unpleasant originated in about 1948.

Staying at his fiancée's home and hating it, he is made to face the tragic reality of Casimir (John Hollis), a Hungarian fugitive who is to be extradited. The General wants to hide him from the police and his feelings for the Hungarian involve the whole household in a debate. Rowse opts out at first but in the end he is made to realize how little he has suffered and becomes more compassionate.

Mr. Gielgud has to weight his scales to create Rowse in relation to his environment and I felt that the General, although he was well portrayed by Michael Hordern, was just a little too mild and understanding to be wholly credible. This reservation by no means alters the fact that Mr. Gielgud has written a play with a title which ought to become a text for any study of the angries.

D. G. Bridson's *Hazard at Quebec* (Home, September 23) was a brilliantly objective study of the campaign of General James Wolfe on the St. Lawrence in 1759. The campaign was a very confused one, and Mr. Bridson succeeded in putting this point across without confusing the listener. The hero of the school text-books emerged from this portrait as a sick martinet fumbling his way towards any contact with an army that was superior in numbers and position. Wolfe's masterstroke beneath the Heights of Abraham was revealed as a desperate last throw of the dice. Mr. Bridson created ordinary soldiers as well as generals and made one feel the reality of that fumbling campaign that ended in glory. Ewan MacColl provided a ballad which told the story of the siege in a kind of counterpoint which was most effective.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Man Alone

WHY IS IT that the Crusoe myth, once fixed in the child mind, stays there as fast and changeless as the story of Genesis? The book, after all, is so obviously a *tour de force*. It flies in the face of all the fictional requirements, whether for man or child. No magic, no fantasy, no conflict (except the dour, Calvinistic conflict in Crusoe's mind), only one and a half characters, and, instead of a plot, a steady, drubbing monologue in which the making of a pot or a solitary footprint is an overwhelming event. Look at it this way and it seems as eventless and peculiar a piece of work as *Godot*, without any of that surface, allegorical treatment to tickle controversy.

This being the tercentenary of Crusoe's legendary landing, a programme on the subject (September 29, Home) was inevitable, I suppose, but it was a pleasure to find something as good as Francis Watson's approach to the double enigma of Defoe and his subject. 'A Discovery of Crusoe' (produced by Maurice Brown) moved fast and freely over the problems that the legend has accumulated. Crusoe, like King Arthur, has acquired more than one birthplace, and quite a number of islands. But all this is simply a testimony to the force of the myth. The character and motives of its creator are a more fascinating question. No writer had a more multifarious mind than Defoe, and the problem here was to give as much of him as would illustrate the masterpiece without leading too far into the labyrinth.

The search for the lost traces of Defoe in London, from Grub Street to Stoke Newington, evoked in fact a world of today in which he might still be a hidden force. He would have changed with it—and been the same Defoe. And his library, stacked with two centuries of voyages, was a reminder that this least literary of masterpieces was born out of years of reading. How did he do it? I think a glance here at his other works might have helped to explain the mystery. Whether writing of a plague, a common prostitute, or a castaway, Defoe achieved total imaginative identification, along with a ruthless eye for factual treatment that seems to defy invention. In a sense, our first master of prose fiction was an anti-novelist.

Centenaries now being a regular standby in the choice of programmes, another one, that of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, was celebrated—if indirectly—in Glyn Daniel's 'The Antiquity of Man'. This, for its wavelength (Home, Friday), was an unusually severe and unrelenting summary (from contemporary texts) of the archaeological and geological potter that was brewing round the latest discoveries—just before Darwin brought the scandalous conclusions into the open. This programme seemed to me a shade over-produced. The booming background to some of the voices suggested not so much the depths of caves, in Mendips or Ardennes, as an infinitely expanding lecture-room in some Ingmar Bergman film. And allowance might have been made for the fact that comedy does break in on the spectacle of frock-coated *homo victorianus* discovering his earliest forefather to be a close associate of the 'extinct British elephant', rhinoceros, and other creatures that never graced the pages of Lewis Carroll. What, I wondered, would have been the result if the news had broken just a century earlier, when Voltaire was in his prime?

Individualists came to the top in the best of other programmes this week. A talk with Epstein (Friday, Third), recorded seven years ago, was well worth repeating for more than obituary reasons. That rich Brooklyn accent, the voice swelling with conviction, brings back the man himself complete—and wonderfully innocent of the popular legend that grew round him from one furore to the next.

Another contemporary legend, of a very different stamp, hopped into 'People Today' (October 1, Home). The best thing in this portrait of Prince Monolulu, the plumed tipster, by himself, was his ritual chant with the racy rhythm: 'Black man for luck, white man for pluck. Who gave you coffee? Black man. Who gave you rubber? Black man. Who gave you cocoa? Black man. Who gave you rock 'n' roll? Black man. I've got an 'orse! Black man for luck, white man for pluck . . .' But the whole piece seemed to prance with vitality.

And who could say that about election broadcasts? True, there have been some amazingly obvious feats of legerdemain—or statistical sleight of hand—which must certainly have raised the ratio of cynics to voters; and 'Any Questions?' has offered some bits of vigorous, old-style sparring. Otherwise, only a considerable pressure of hot air.

DAVID PAUL

## MUSIC

### Alan Rawsthorne

A SINGLE HEARING of Alan Rawsthorne's new symphony, his second, was not enough to enable one to assess it in detail, but sufficed to make one realize that in him we have one of the most active, inquiring minds among composers of his generation. He never has let a work go out into public life that has not borne the stamp of his individual way of thinking. So it is with this new work; it bears the impress of an alert mind and is palpably the work of a fine craftsman. This performance (September 29, Third Programme) by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra under Meredith Davies sounded well controlled; once, in the second movement, it seemed to be in danger of disintegrating, but the moment passed quickly by and the playing resumed its orderly course.

In his note on the new symphony the composer ponders on the contemporary idea of what a symphony should be in the matter of form and content, wondering whether he might not have given his work another name, such as symphonic suite, perhaps. He need not have worried; as the work stands it has all the accepted attributes of a symphony; it is consecutive in thought and it undergoes that kind of development, that particular manipulation of thought processes, which is the essential character of symphonic writing. That is instantly felt while listening to the gradual assembling of small units at the start of the first movement and their eventual growth to the full stature of a theme; one listened to this growth as it flowered in enchanting music and the movement seemed too short; one had failed to take into account the foreshortening that was going on all the time. The slow movement, starting and ending with the sound of horns, continued the sense of a rather stern outlook which the first movement had established; one would hardly expect a thoughtful musician writing in these times to ignore the stern, serious aspect of life today. But Rawsthorne's sense of humour perpetually saves him from pomposity, and so it was here. Humour of a grim kind was in the third movement, labelled Country Dance, a very odd dance with sinister elements buried in its heart. Was the last movement an effective ending? Did this song, a delightful setting of a poem by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, beautifully sung by April Cantelo, round the work off successfully? I still cannot make up my mind. It was slight for even a short symphony such as this, and one was left rather in the air. It certainly was very pleasing.

'Solid and impressive' is how Dr. Robert Simpson describes Carl Nielsen's *Symphonic Suite* for piano, and the description fits; yet it has taken fifty-five years for the work to have



its first performance in this country. This took place last Thursday (Third Programme) when Liza Fuchsova gave an authoritative account of the work. It has the character of a sketch for a symphony and is not primarily piano music, in that it resembles the sonatas of the young Brahms which seem often to be reaching out towards an orchestra. The large chords in the first movement certainly suggested not one instrument, but a collection of them. In the last movement, which Miss Fuchsova played with great eloquence, there was, however, some feeling for the piano as a medium having its own individuality.

Listening to the two-piano concerto by the Hungarian composer Geza Frid, in a bright performance by Joan and Valerie Trimble with

the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent (September 30, Home Service), one was put instantly in mind of William Walton's *martellato* style, and in the succeeding movements one remembered the Russians—Rimsky-Korsakov's type of romanticism, with flashes of the Firebird's wings in some of the piano embellishments.

On Friday last (Third Programme) the Covent Garden relay of *The Ring* ended with a performance of *Götterdämmerung* that held one to the end in a firm grip of emotion, as is inevitable in this work, given a good average performance such as this. There was no member of the cast with the artistic stature of Hans Hotter, whose Wotan had been so moving an experience. But in this great finale Wotan is no more

than a grieving ghost, waiting in Walhalla until destruction overcomes him. Hotter's Wotan in the great question-and-answer scene between him and Mime in *Siegfried* was particularly grand.

A quartet of horns must needs be perfectly manipulated to be bearable. The Amsterdam Horn Quartet (players from the Concertgebouw Orchestra) were in fact perfection technically. Their repertoire? It must surely be very restricted. This concert (Saturday, Third Programme) was pleasant; a Notturmo by Rimsky-Korsakov enclosing a quotation from his *Scheherazade*, a suite of great ingenuity by the Dutch composer Jan Koetsier, and four pieces by Tcherépnin.

SCOTT GODDARD

## Haydn and the Opera

By WILFRID MELLERS

'Il mondo della luna' will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Sunday, October 11 (Third)



THOUGH LOUIS XIV (who grew old and died) was not in fact God, he was justified in believing that he had godlike attributes. He became a symbol of the power of the human will: for he refashioned Europe; had absolute control over the destiny of his subject and subjected peoples; and even played billiards 'with the air of a man who rules the earth'. Worldly glory was built on material wealth; and while the essence of autocracy is that there is room for only one on the top rung of the ladder, yet anyone who is strong enough—or rich enough—can begin to climb. The Austrian princelings of the eighteenth century were very rich indeed. Since their egoism had not behind it the might of a united nation they were more likely to destroy one another than to change the world. But at least they could emulate Louis XIV in building to Man in the Highest; and to show they were not a whit inferior to the god-king himself, they would build their Versailles in the most unpropitious regions. The worldly power of the Esterházy family should—with the help of battalions of serfs—raise Europe's most resplendent palace on the soggiest, boggiest, most malarial of marshes. They could afford—in every sense—to leave out of account human blood and tears and sweat.

It was to this weirdly brilliant world-in-itself that Haydn came, as a youngish man, to his first important post. He was to spend a substantial part of his life here, as director of music, living and working in conditions of feudal servitude. There is no reason to think that Haydn consciously rebelled. None the less, in the world outside, such conditions were, by Haydn's time, obsolete. The glory that had been Versailles was in fact no more; and Esterházy, far from being a political and cultural hub of Europe, was a fairy palace, a dream-state. This is attested in the music Haydn wrote there: for what the music meant in terms of human experience was to destroy all that the castle stood for. Yet the Esterházy family loved Haydn's music. Could they have loved it for its truth: because it said aloud what they could not allow themselves to think? Do men welcome self-knowledge when they come upon it, even though they cannot recognize it as such?

If there was one art-form that more than any other incarnated the heroic aspirations of autocracy it was opera. Yet Haydn had made only one early attempt to conform to the traditional type of *opera seria*. His *Acide*, composed for the wedding festivities of the Prince's eldest son in 1763, was a reworking of the much

favoured Acis and Galatea myth that employed baroque conventions gracefully but without conviction. When Haydn settled at Esterházy three years later the operas which he created for the delight of his aristocratic audience were concerned not with god-kings and villain-monsters but with Tom, Dick, and Harry—and their women. He started, as it were, at home: with an opera called *La Cantarina* about the love-life of opera singers. The theme was hardly heroic; and the piece was an 'intermezzo', intended to be performed between the acts of a serious opera. yet the intermezzo—as was the case with its model, Pergolesi's *La serva padrona*—ousted the opera proper: because the free succession of arias, interspersed with realistic, almost spoken recitative, has a dramatic immediacy that *opera seria* had long lost.

During the next decade Haydn composed for Esterházy a sequence of full-length operas stemming from this *buffo* style. Some of them had libretti by the illustrious Goldoni; all of them pricked the bubble of autocratic pretence. *Lo Speciale* (1766) contains a highly realistic aria about the gastric effects of rhubarb that is a far gurgle from the monumental grandeur of Lully; more interestingly, it manifests an ability to distinguish between the minds and senses of individual human beings. The sprightly young men and women no longer all sing the same music; nor do the aggrieved wives, the cuckolded husbands. The music does not merely seek an easy laugh at the expense of custom and authority. It also shows some insight into the young creatures who were fashioning a new world and, at the same time, some compassion for the representatives of the old world who—whether they knew it or not, as they sat in Haydn's audience—had seen the best of their time.

Haydn is admitting to the reality of conflict beneath the surface vivacity: which is why he can bring back, alongside the insouciance of *buffo* style, the magnificence of the old heroic aria, and can re-create both with a hint of the dramatic urgency of the new sonata. It is not an accident that Goldoni's *Il mondo della luna* (1777) should deal with what we would today call wish-fulfilment or escape: with a man who wants to live in the moon because he cannot understand, or accept, what is happening around him. Nor is it an accident that *La vere costanza* (1779)—which concerns a love-affair between a count and a fisher-girl and, like Mozart's *Figaro*, ends with the defeat of aristocratic opposition—should betray a remarkable development in both dramatic and musical

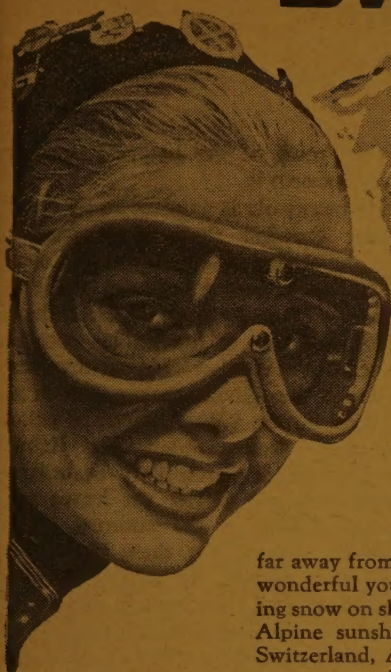
power. The music is no longer, as in most heroic opera, a lyrical comment on experience: nor, as in *opera buffa*, a naturalistic imitation of the surface of life. It penetrates to the heart: the Count's accompanied *arioso* is a mature realization of physical and psychological action; the ensemble numbers, including a septet and a nonet, show a 'democratic' interest in the interplay of human motives.

Yet although Haydn had created a 'serious' comic opera comparable with Mozart's, he did not develop this manner. His instinct was right: as the instincts of genius usually are; for he was soberly accurate in stating that in this field he could not hope to compete with Mozart. The younger man was simultaneously a supreme exponent of Italian vocal lyricism and of the dramatic intensity of the instrumental sonata. He alone achieved an equal balance between these two forces, which represented the old world and the new; and this technical achievement was not unconnected with the mysterious self-immolation that was the condition of Mozart's richly fulfilled personality. Mozart is the supreme theatrical composer because, in being himself, he not merely imitates, but becomes, all sorts and conditions of men.

We more readily think of Haydn than of Mozart in association with Beethoven: this suggests how Haydn is, of the two, more directly concerned with his own inner life. It is revealing that during the seventeen-seventies while he was composing the cycle of comic operas for Esterházy, Haydn was also at work on those piano sonatas and symphonies that, without relinquishing classical elegance, developed sonata conflict into romantically vehement introspection and into disturbingly disruptive wit. When, in later years, Haydn had evolved his own mature manner, reconciling an inner harmonic and tonal fire with an Apollonian, hymnic lyricism, he made no attempt to return to comic opera. His late operas—*Armida* (1784) and *Orfeo ed Euridice* (1791)—tend to a re-creation of *opera seria* in the spirit of ethical humanism, rather in the style of Gluck. They contain superb moments; yet the old world is not here completely reborn. This may have something to do with the fact that Haydn, unlike Mozart and Gluck, was a devout Catholic as well as a humanist and a Freemason. Certainly the supreme operatic music of his last years went not into the theatre but into the Church. The drama in his last Masses is that of his own inner life, as it is in the symphonies. But it becomes also a public affirmation: for the drama of sin and redemption is common to us all.



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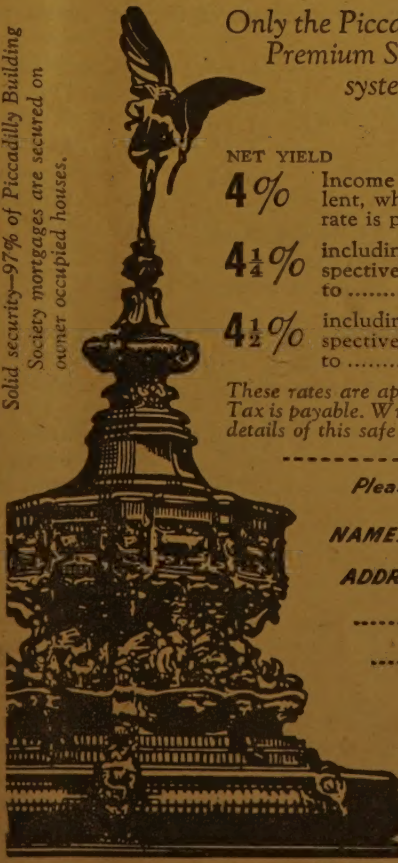
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# Shrubs for Planting in Autumn

By F. H. STREETER

SOME OF THE OUTSTANDING shrubs which are beautiful in the spring as well as in the autumn are not too large for any garden. Take *Enkianthus campanulatus*, for instance. This is smothered in flowers like lily of the valley in May—creamy white, with a pink tinge—and in the autumn, after the first touch of frost, the foliage takes on a brilliant crimson colouring. This shrub objects to lime or a heavy soil but it thrives on a little peat, if you can spare it.

The spindle tree, *Euonymus Europaeus*, is a wonderful sight. By planting three or four of these together you will get a mass of flower and fruit. A single plant does not always get pollinated, but the brilliance of the leaves in autumn makes up for everything, and it will thrive on chalky soils.

Another euonymus, called *alatus*, is a plant that everyone ought to grow. The bark alone is most interesting, and if you could select a site for it with a filtering light, that is, the sun's beams streaming through the trees, you would be enchanted.

There is a choice Japanese shrub, something like a witch hazel in habit and a judas tree in leaf, called *Disanthus cercidifolia*. For autumn colouring it puts the gaily coloured house plant

coleous in the shade—its leaves are soft claret and crimson over gold. It will be rather more



Fruit of *Euonymus Europaeus*

expensive than most of the plants I mention, but I think it is worth it.

*Fothergilla monticola* is another lovely shrub, rather slower growing than most, reaching finally a height of five or six feet. The flowers are snowy white—or rather I should call it the inflorescence—but it is the autumn colour that is so wonderful. A group of fothergillas does not need much room, and is suitable almost anywhere.

Do not forget the Ghent azaleas, which are grown for their flower. What a range of colour there is in these azaleas today. The Exbury strain, for instance, is particularly beautiful—and in addition to the flower the leaves turn to a glorious display in the autumn. When you prepare the ground for these azaleas, do give them every chance by adding a good dressing of peat, and then mulch them with bracken as soon as it dies down; do not put the bracken on green; the pins will fall off during the season and the roots simply lap them up.

It is a good idea to fork in a little bone meal round your shrubs in the autumn, especially those that colour up. If any of your newly planted shrubs look three-parts dead, do not pull them up; give the rain a chance to revive them.

—From a talk in the Home Service

## Bridge Forum

## Expert Bidding Contests—II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE SECOND of the new series of bidding matches brought together Mrs. Rye and Mrs. Gardner, and Mr. G. Ramsey and Mr. N. S. L. Smart, all of London. The ladies overstepped the mark on the first hand and left the men with an almost decisive advantage. Love All. Dealer East.

WEST	EAST
♠ K 10 8 3	♠ None
♥ K 6	♥ A J 10 9 7 5 3
♦ Q 7 4	♦ K
♣ K Q 6 2	♣ A 9 8 7 3
(Mrs. Gardner)	(Mrs. Rye)
—	2 H
3 Cl	5 Cl
5 H	5 Sp
6 Cl	6 H
7 H	No Bid

Six Clubs was adjudged the optimum contract and Six Hearts received the consolation award of six. The auction had begun excellently: it was suggested to East that it was not safe to proceed beyond Six Clubs since West's cue-bid of hearts might have been on a singleton King, and to West that partner's immediate jump to Five Clubs argued against the possibility of her having all four first round controls. Both players accepted the suggestions. For the men, Mr. Smart opened only One Heart, considering a two bid unsound because of the broken holding in both suits. This was the resulting auction, scoring ten out of ten

for the final contract and three out of five for style or conviction:

WEST	EAST
(Ramsey)	(Smart)
—	1 H
1 Sp	3 H
4 Cl	6 Cl
No Bid	

The ladies recovered from the attack of nerves which had beset them on the first hand to score a maximum on the second. Game All. Dealer West.

WEST	EAST
(Mrs. Gardner)	(Mrs. Rye)
♠ A 7	♠ K Q 9 6
♥ A 8 7 6 5	♥ 4
♦ 9 6 2	♦ Q 7
♣ K Q 4	♣ A J 9 8 7 3
(Mrs. Gardner)	(Mrs. Rye)
1 H	2 Cl
3 Cl	5 Cl
No Bid	

The men were no less effective:

WEST	EAST
(Ramsey)	(Smart)
1 H	2 Cl
3 Cl	3 Sp
5 Cl	No Bid

The main difference was in East's second bid. Mrs. Rye explained that she could see her club

game and so she bid it. Mr. Smart took the view that the final contract was by no means certain after his partner's raise to Three Clubs—Three No Trumps might be the only game and, on the other hand, if partner had sufficiently good controls, a slam was not impossible. The bid of Three Spades left every avenue open.

The men having triumphed with a maximum twenty against ten, Mrs. Rye raised the following subject for discussion: when she cut Reese at the rubber-bridge table he preferred not to play conventional bids of Two Clubs and Three Clubs over One and Two No Trumps while Franklin seemed quite happy to play them. What were their arguments?

Franklin made the point that the bid of Two Clubs not only made it possible to explore the 4-4 fit for game but also helped on weak hands when there might be a choice of major suits for a part score contract. Mr. Smart made the further point that the Two Club bid often made it possible to retreat from One No Trump doubled on a weak hand. Reese took the view that not only did it make it easier for opponents to take part in the bidding, but that it often resulted in auctions which were too communicative to the defence. By raising immediately to Three No Trumps one might miss an occasional major game, but there would be many instances where Three No Trumps would play better and when a quite 'blind' opening lead would produce an advantage.



# Suggestions for the Housewife



## Lamb Dishes

WITH plenty of English lamb coming into the shops, and New Zealand lamb maintaining its consistently good quality, lamb is one of the best and cheapest meats we can buy. These recipes use ingredients which go well with lamb and are readily available at the moment.

First, lamb-pear casserole. For six servings of this you need:

- 2 lb. of lamb (half shoulder)
- 3 tablespoons of seasoned flour
- 1½ oz. of butter
- 1½ lb. of beans (or 2 pkts. frozen beans)
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 3 medium-sized pears
- 2 tablespoons of brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon of ginger
- ½ teaspoon of ground cloves

Trim fat from meat. Cut meat into small chunks, roll in seasoned flour, and fry in melted butter until brown on all sides. Put meat in a deep casserole, arrange sliced beans on top and sprinkle with salt. Quarter the pears and remove cores, place on beans. Sprinkle with mixed sugar, ginger, and cloves. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (Gas No. 4—350° F.) for about 1 hour. The pears should provide sufficient juice but if the mixture looks dry add a little water.

For love-apple lamb you will need (for four servings):

- 4 loin chops
- 1 oz. of butter
- 4 oz. of thinly sliced onions
- 4 large tomatoes (skinned)
- Salt and pepper
- Freshly chopped parsley

Melt the butter and lightly fry the onions. Slice the tomatoes and put with the onions into a greased fireproof dish, seasoning well. Lay the chops on top and cook in a moderately hot oven (Gas No. 5—375° F.) for 35-40 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Another tasty and satisfying dish is Devonshire pie. For four to six servings you will need:

- 6 lamb cutlets (boned)
- Salt and pepper
- 1 lb. of cooking apples
- 1 onion
- 1 teaspoon of sugar
- ½ teaspoon of mixed spice
- ½ pint of stock
- ½ lb. of flaky pastry

Trim the cutlets if necessary. Peel, core, and slice apples. Peel and chop onions. Put a layer of apples in the bottom of the pie-dish, sprinkle with sugar and mixed spice. Arrange cutlets on top and repeat layers of apples and onions until the dish is full. Add the stock and cover the pie with flaky pastry. Decorate and glaze with a little egg or milk. Bake in a hot oven (Gas No. 7—450° F.) for 20 minutes, then reduce to a moderate oven (Gas No. 4—350° F.) for a further 1 hour 10 minutes.

PAULINE CHAMONT

## Flavourful Mushrooms

To get the best flavour from mushrooms wash them but leave the cultivated ones unpeeled. Then put them, brown underside downward, into melted butter and cook with the lid on the saucepan. That allows the liquor to come out of the mushrooms without

evaporating too soon. After about five minutes of cooking, turning them occasionally, they are ready for the final touch, a sprinkling of salt and pepper and a good squeeze of lemon juice.

LOUISE DAVIES—Home Service

## Notes on Contributors

AYO OGUNSHEYE (page 555): Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Ibadan University College, Nigeria

WRIGHT MILLER (page 558): visited the Soviet Union earlier this year; in the Press section of the British Embassy at Kuibyshev and Moscow, 1943-44; author of *The Young Traveller in Russia*

P. MAXWELL DAVIES (page 563): a young composer who teaches at a grammar school in Cirencester; his works include *Sonata for 17 Wind Instruments*, *Alma Redemptoris Mater for Wind Sextet*, and *Sonata for Trumpet and Piano*

DAVID PIPER (page 565): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery, author of *The English Face*, etc.

KENNETH MATHER, F.R.S. (page 566): Professor of Genetics, Birmingham University; author of *The Measurement of Linkage in Heredity*, *Genes, Plants and People*, etc.

D. C. HORTON (page 579): former District Officer in the British Solomon Islands

ALBERT MAKINSON (page 580): teaches English at a grammar school in Huddersfield

## Crossword No. 1,532. Shakespeare Unbound—XI. By Trochos

(Text of Cowden Clarke's edition)

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 15. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1., marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Starting at square 1 and running alternately from left to right and right to left on alternate lines is a verse quotation from a play. The clues are from the plays and the answers are of five letters (unless otherwise stated), all mixed. A = across; D = down; L = diagonally down to the left; R = diagonally down to the right. 2R is a possessive.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12										
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
27										28

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

### CLUES

- 1D. The — Cassibelan, who was once at point . . . to master Caesar's sword (apostrophe discarded).
- 2R. No, sir, 'tis in grain; — flood could not do it
- 3L. and 27A. (2). When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous . . . Be —, gods, with all your thunderbolts
- 3R. And make the meanest of you — and dukes?
- 4L. Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not — (4)
- 4R. This, Casca; this, —; and this, Metellus Cimber
- 5L. Our king has all the Indies in his arms . . . I cannot — his conscience
- 5R. This — of summer, The temple-haunting martlet
- 5L. and 12A. (2). The manner of their deaths? I do not see them —
- 6L. The whilst his iron did on the — cool
- 6R. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath — away!
- 7L. therefore little shall I grace my — In speaking for myself
- 7R. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the —
- 8L. Between the — of the rye, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
- 8R. and 28L. rammed me in with foul — and smocks, socks, foul stockings (6)
- 9L. a viperous worm, That — the bowels of the commonwealth
- 10L. in the way of bargain . . . I'll cavil on the — part of a hair
- 10R. and 25L. this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the — have this very fault (6)
- 11L. I met her — Cutting the clouds towards Paphos
- 11D. bladders, and — seeds, Remnants of packthread
- 13L. There's a —; I would give you some violets
- 14D. A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled, —, ill-seeming, thick
- 14R. never yet was thief or pirate, Though . . . Orsino's
- 15R. Why art thou here, Come from the farthest steep of —
- 16R. he to-day that — his blood with me, Shall be my brother
- 17R. by G His — disinherited should be

- 18L. This servitude makes you to keep — Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed
- 18R. Publius and Quintus were, That our best — brought by conduits
- 19L. Costly thy — as thy purse can buy
- 19R. — me with roaring bears; Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house
- 20L. though the — waves Confound and swallow navigation up
- 20R. that stale old mouse — dry cheese, Nestor
- 21L. —s he, or sits he? Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
- 22L. By fountain clear, or spangled starlight —, But they do square
- 23L. Drink off this potion: is thy — here: Follow my mother
- 24L. We are such stuff As —s are made of
- 24D. caus'd Your holy hat to be —'d on the king's coin
- 26L. and 27R. The — 'gainst the which he doth contrive Shall seize one half his goods

## Solution of No. 1,530

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12										
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
27										28

### NOTES

The common theme is geographical. The clue in the heading 'Silk-satin' is, of course, 'atlas'. Authorities—The Oxford Atlas; Pears Cyclopaedia; Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary.

1st prize: H. W. Evans (Bebington); 2nd prize: Mrs. M. Chadwick (Leeds, 6); 3rd prize: A. J. Hughes (Sutton Coldfield)



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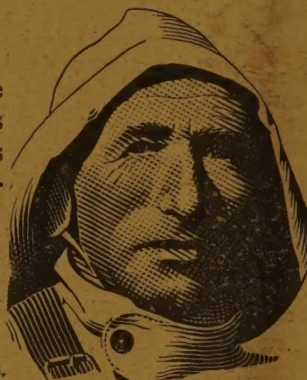
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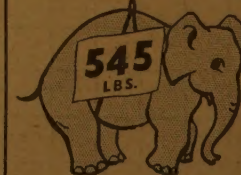
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